CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

JUNE | JULY 2003 $5.95

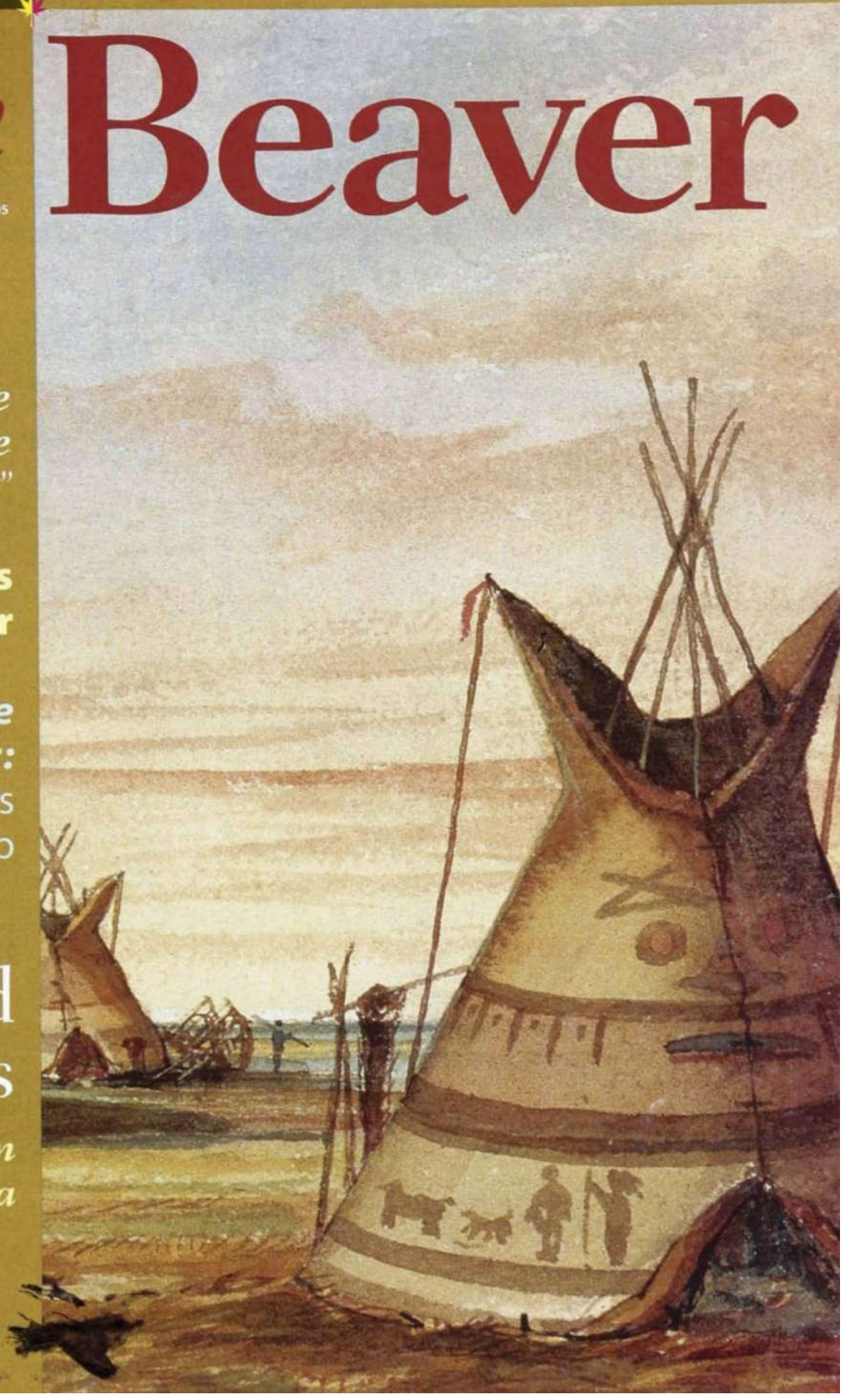
The "Rosedale Red"

Mr. Hogan's Murder

The Privateer: Nova Scotia's bandit ship

Divided Loyalties

The Métis in America



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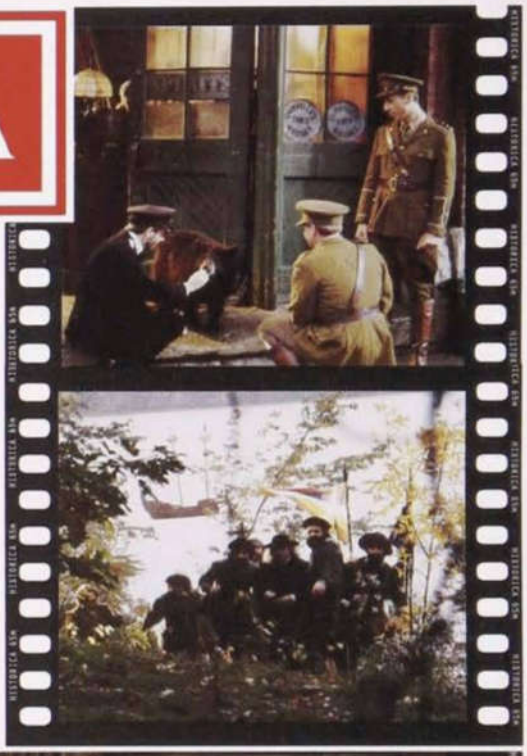

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The Beaver

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On the cover: *Buffalo Hunters' Camp, White Horse Plains (Manitoba)* by William Henry Edward Napier (1829–1894). National Archives of Canada / C 146746.

Letters

Whadda Guy!

IT WAS A PLEASURE TO READ the recent article of the life and times of Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians ["Moment," December 2002/January 2003]. We have the Guy Lombardo Music Centre/Museum in London, as well as a bridge and street named after him. Too bad you folks missed it by an 'O.' [*Ed:* The Beaver's *offices are located on* Lombard *Ave.*] We are enclosing a U.S. one-dollar bill issued by Richard Nixon with a picture of Guy Lombardo on it. Fifty thousand of them were issued by Nixon, who was a real fan. The band played at the inaugural balls of U.S. presidents from Roosevelt to Carter, missing only the Kennedy ball – they were not his style.

We'll look forward to seeing you all in London, as we are installing a marble bust and pedestal of Lombardo and planning a gala event for the occasion.

Douglas Flood, for Friends of Lombardo
London, Ontario

The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at <editors@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Valentino vets

I READ WITH SPECIAL INTEREST "The Fairest Girl," [February/March 2003], David Goss's piece on the first Miss Canada – its arrival tallied nicely with St. Valentine's Day. However my interest was geared more to the fact that this event took place in 1923, just eighty years ago and a month or so before another event of a similar focus. That year Rudolph Valentino had concocted the idea of holding beauty contests throughout the States and Canada in eighty-eight locations, with the winners of each appearing on November 28 at Madison Square Garden for the contest of contests. To the surprise of many, this ultimate prize was won by Miss Toronto, Norma Niblock, a fifteen-year-old student at Oakwood Collegiate. She had been so acclaimed on April 23 that year at Toronto's Mutual Street Arena. She was an aunt of mine and indeed a beautiful young lady. The news of her victory was a sensation in Toronto and throughout Canada. Had Norma not won, it would not have had any impact whatsoever save for a local celebrity attached to the Toronto contest. I should add that the first official Miss Toronto dates from 1926 when Miss Jean Tolmie was selected at Sunnyside Amusement Park. Mr. Valentino's efforts three years earlier that led to Norma's selection as Miss Toronto might well warrant the rewriting of that part of Toronto's story.

Rev. Peter A. Niblock
Vancouver, British Columbia

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The Beaver *Canada's History Magazine* (ISSN 0005-7517), #478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Phone: (204) 988-9300. Fax: (204) 988-9309. Toll Free 1-800-816-6777. E-mail: <cnhs@historysociety.ca> Member Services e-mail: <beaver@historysociety.ca> Editorial e-mail: <editors@historysociety.ca> World Wide Web site: <http://www.thebeaver.ca>

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ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: **Michael Wile,** 5502 Atlantic Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3H 1G4 Canada. Phone: (902) 421-7022 Fax: (902) 425-0166 E-mail: <michaelwile@historysociety.ca>

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Foiled again

I CAN SHED FURTHER LIGHT on why the Alaskan panhandle was given to the U.S.A. ["Sewing Up the Border," February/March 2003]. My father, J.V. Clyne, a former B.C. Supreme Court judge, and later, chancellor of U.B.C., articled in England with the law firm Blake and Redden, Privy Councillors. I quote from my father's autobiography, *Jack of All Trades*, an episode that occurred while he was working in the Privy Council chambers:

> I was there filing some papers with the registrar. He said, 'By the way, Clyne, I was cleaning out my desk this morning and came across some papers that I thought might interest you as a Canadian.' He handed me a document signed by Richard Everard Webster, Baron Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who had been the chairman of the commission appointed to decide the Alaska boundary dispute between the United States and Canada.
>
> When I had read the document I said 'This can't be right, because this decision gives the Alaska panhandle to Canada.' The registrar explained that this was the original draft of the decision prepared by Lord Alverstone that he had handed to his fellow commissioners for their comments. Elihu Root was the American representative on the commission. When he became aware that the chairman was in favour of Canada's claim he sent a message to President Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt communicated with the British Foreign Office and shook his legendary 'big stick.' As a result the chairman changed his mind and the Alaska panhandle was awarded to the Americans. I had no way of checking the accuracy of the registrar's statement, but this is what he told me.

The award in the Alaska boundary case really marked one of Canada's crossroads to nationhood. W.L. Morton expresses the betrayal felt by Canadians in his book *The Canadian Identity*: "The Alaska Boundary award was a humiliating experience for Canada. Canadians felt they had been treated with contempt by the American government and let down by the British."

Mrs. Valentine Gamage
Vancouver, British Columbia

A long servitude

A STATEMENT IN THE ARTICLE "In Bondage" [February/March 2003] that "Panis were enslaved until 1763" implies that Panis slavery in Canada ended at this point. However, two examples from the historical record indicate it existed into the nineteenth century. In 1802 Charles Field put a notice in the *Niagara Herald* which read: "All persons are forbidden harbouring, employing, or concealing my Indian slave, called Sal, ... (A)ny persons who may suffer her to remain on their premises for the space of half an hour ... will be taken as offending." Also, Solomon White, a member of the Legislative Assembly for Essex, refers to "Mr. Caldwell's panis Alexander who was set free in 1834."

Alan Wade, Thunder Bay, Ontario

Double Service

THANK YOU FOR THE INTERESTING ARTICLE on Robert Service [February/March 2003]. I was never cerebral enough to have an interest in poetry but determined that our four children would be exposed to at least one poet. We chose Robert Service, and enthusiastically read and listened to his works over the years. When our youngest daughter had to present a poet for her high school English class, she naturally chose Robert Service. She dressed as he might have in the Yukon, with her dad's outdoor clothing and boots. She assembled various props, and confidently prepared a thorough presentation of his life and northern poetry. She went to her presentation full of enthusiasm but came home disgusted. Her teacher had accused her of stealing her sister's project. Unknown to our youngest, her older sister two years earlier had taken the same class from the same teacher, and presented the same poet dressed in the same garb.

We still all enjoy Robert Service. Not long ago, when one of our girls wanted to introduce her new South African friends to his work, she took them up to the cottage on a wintry night, stoked up the stove, turned off the lights, and read "The Cremation of Sam McGee."

Grace Groeneveld
Quebec, QC

Working the Angle

I ENJOYED "A LINE IN THE WATER" [April/May 2003] describing the establishment of the boundary in the Northwest Angle. George M. Grant, the secretary to the Sandford Fleming expedition in 1872, commented in his *Ocean to Ocean* (1873) thus:

> At sunset, the 'North-west Angle,' the end of this side of the Lake of the Woods, was reached. It seems that this point, though far North of the 49th degree, or the boundary line between the Dominion and the United States, is claimed by the Republic, and that their claim is sustained by an evident verbal mistake in the Treaty that defines the boundary. 'North-west' has been inserted instead of 'South-west.' If so, it is only another instance in which the diplomatists of the Empire have been outwitted by the superior knowledge and unscrupulousness of our neighbours.

Grant didn't think much of the Angle; according to him it was "the dirtiest, most desolate-looking, mosquito-haunted of all our camping grounds."

Maybe Grant was right about American unscrupulousness, for the southwest extremity of the Lake of the Woods lies almost exactly on the forty-ninth parallel.

Charles M. White
Portland, Oregon

Representing women

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED my first edition of the *Beaver*, the February/March issue, and applaud your representations of women. Articles should be authored by men. Women don't write well and should be realistically represented for their historical contributions: beauty queens (p. 29), gambling queens (p. 37), and wives (p. 35).

Ruth Derksen Siemens
Sheffield, UK / Burnaby, British Columbia

ERRATUM

In Christopher Moore's column of February/March, the author of the book *Shaping the Canadian Frontier: Environment, Society, and Culture in the Trent Valley* is Neil S. Forkey (not Norman Forkey as stated). The *Beaver* regrets the error.

Turning point

Meanwhile, eighty-five years later, the village of Cagnicourt in northern France, which was liberated from German occupation by the Canadian soldiers in September 1918, is preparing to rename its central square for its liberator – George Burdon McKean, who was a lieutenant in the Fourteenth Battalion, Royal Montreal Regiment. McKean, a Calgarian, secured the square by fooling the occupying Germans lying in wait that he was leading a substantial force of attackers. In fact, he was one of three. When he and his companions arrived in the village, he shouted and gestured as he was commanding a mammoth assault; rather than withstand what they thought would be a grenade attack, the Germans abandoned their machine-gun posts, fled the village, and ran right into advancing troops. The capture of Cagnicourt cracked the Drocourt-Quéant Line, an extension of the Hindenburg Line, spiked with concrete fortifications, and helped hasten the end of the war. McKean won the Victoria Cross for capturing a town without a shot, but he died eight years later.

Take the day off

June 20: To mark the arrival of the first horses in Quebec from France in 1647. Watch reruns of *Mr. Ed* (*M. Ed* in Quebec).

June 24: To commemorate the first performance in 1880 of Calixa Lavallée's music for "O Canada." All rise for the National Anthem.

July 5: To note the highest temperature ever recorded in Canada, 45°C (113°F) in 1937 in Midale, Saskatchewan. Remember your sun block.

July 22: To celebrate Alexander Mackenzie's arrival 210 years ago at the Pacific Ocean, the first European to trek across North America. Pamper your feet.

COURTESY MARION KELCH

S.O.S.S.*

By the time you pass your eyes over this text, hundreds of artifacts and archival items linked to Canada's worst peacetime maritime disaster, the 1914 sinking of the *Empress of Ireland*, may have found their way into the hands of an American collector.

May have, that is.

The artifacts, which include the ship's bell, brass fixtures, navigational instruments, and numerous dinnerware items, have been up for sale for some time. They have found a buyer – a Florida businessman willing to fork over 1.5 million Yankee dollars. And the seller, a Longueuil, Quebec, resident named Phillippe Beaudry, who has spent decades diving in the St. Lawrence near Rimouski and collecting items from the wreck when few others were interested, has an export permit. Fortunately, for those organizing to keep the *Empress of Ireland* artifacts in Canada, officials keep extending the export permit deadline, and Mr. Beaudry is willing to wait – so far – and take the $1.5 million in loonies if it will keep the *Empress*abilia in Canada.

If $1.5 million can be raised.

Yes, once again it's that pesky money thing. There is an organization of *Empress*philes called the Empress of Ireland Artifact Committee, and if its members can collect $750,000, the federal government will match it. Then the artifacts can be stored and displayed at the Canada Science and Technology Museum in Ottawa, safe from covetous foreigners.

Proponents argue that the *Empress of Ireland*'s significance to Canada is greater than the *Titanic*-like spectacle of its end. After the ship was rammed in the fog off Rimouski by a Norwegian freighter on May 29, 1914, it sank in fourteen minutes with 1,013 lives lost. But unlike the *Titanic*, it was not on its maiden voyage. For eight years, the *Empress of Ireland* plied the North Atlantic between Liverpool and Quebec, shuttling nearly 120,000 European immigrants to new lives in the New World. Their descendents today number many times that figure and are spread across Canada.

Time, as usual, is of the essence. So is cash. The address for donations is: 2159 Strathmore Boulevard, Ottawa, Ontario, K2A 1M9. Further information is available at <http://members.rogers.com/seaview imaging/artifacts.htm>.

*Save Our Ship's Stuff

The horology! The horology!

There's something about summer that says museums. Okay, it says museums to us. We're off to the Canadian Clock Museum. Granted, it's not just around the corner (although, natch, you can pay a cybervisit at <www.canclockmuseum.ca>); it's in Deep River – the town that atomic energy built – in eastern Ontario a couple of hours drive northwest of Ottawa just off the Trans-Canada Highway 17. Canada's only clock museum, the two-storey building, formerly a Pentecostal church, houses over twelve hundred examples of the clock and watchmaker's craft from the last two hundred years. (Not all are wound and ticking, but a good number provide a gentle tick-tock soundscape punctuated by hourly and quarter-hourly bells and gongs.) As well, there are watchmaker's tools, magazine and store advertising, catalogues, other horological paraphernalia, and a sundial for those who don't trust new-fangled timepieces. We're particularly fond of the Arthur Pequegnat Beaver wall clock, featuring – you guessed it – a beaver carved into its cabinet. Then there's the, well, alarming display of Canadian-made alarm clocks, which seem to scream: wake up! get to work!, a range of kitschy midcentury numbers including sunburst clocks, and the inevitable grandfather's clocks too large for the shelf which, if the three-year-old museum endures, may well stand ninety years on the floor. Anyway, 60 James Street, Deep River, is a great place to get clocked.

Creightonia

For folklore aficionados, Nova Scotia researcher, collector, and author Helen Creighton was the bee's knees and the cat's pajamas. She was the flea's eyebrows and the canary's tusks, too, but those 1920s folkloric expressions seem to have fallen from favour. The long-lived Creighton (1899–1989) was a pioneer gatherer of folk songs, tales, dances, games, proverbs, and material from the world of the immaterial – ghosts, witches, and the like – and she accumulated a remarkable collection of sound recordings, photographs, printed matter, and moving images. She began in obscurity, at first travelling on foot through Nova Scotia to gather material, but eventually rose to academe, her work – the source for symphonies, operas, musical theatre, films, and professional recordings – honoured at home and abroad. Now the Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management, which houses the considerable results of Creighton's career, has a multimedia website, <www.gov.ns.ca/nsarm/virtual/creighton/>, to bring her life's work to a wider audience. In addition to photographs, the virtual exhibit features sound clips, such as Augustine MacDonald of North Sydney telling a ghost story, and original first-hand accounts of supernatural, such as the Richardsons of Dartmouth describing their turkey-gobbling poltergeist. Of course, it doesn't begin to scratch the surface of Creightonia, but surfaces are a beginning.

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The Big Two Five-Oh!

This summer Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, celebrates its quartimillenial. Or perhaps "semidemimillennial" is the word. *Ducentesimo et quinquagesimo anno* has a nice Latinate ring, but maybe we should stick with plain old English: Lunenburg is 250 years old. In early June 1753, about fourteen hundred Foreign Protestants, as they were called, settled on Nova Scotia's south shore, recruited from Switzerland, Germany, and France by the British who were keen to counter the French Catholic presence in the colony. Not the most generous of motivations, perhaps, but, oh well, what the heck – forgive and forget. The result is a picturesque town that is both a national historic site and a United Nations world heritage site. To celebrate, Lunenburgians are moving into party-hearty mode, inviting descendants from Acker to Zwicker and a whole lotta names in between to a mammoth founding families reunion from July 10 to 14. (Check <http://www.seawhy.com/fifamndx.html> to see if your name is there.) On July 12, a memorial to the founders is scheduled for unveiling in the presence of German and Swiss representatives, and there's the usual pig roast and, you know, the fun-for-the-whole-family thing.

Semi-coincidentally (or is that quasi-coincidentally?), the beautiful and sleek schooner *Bluenose II* is docked in Lunenburg Harbour. Launched in 1963 amid nostalgia for the lost golden age of sail that included Canada's most famous ship, the *Bluenose* (I), the *II* this year is celebrating its *quadragesimo anno*.

It's a twofer for travellers this year in Lunenburg.

NOVA SCOTIA TOURISM AND CULTURE

Website of the month

Eager to relive that moment in 1985 (St. Patrick's Day, in fact) when Brian and Mila Mulroney and Ronald and Nancy Reagan belted out "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" at the so-called Shamrock Summit in Quebec City, which was a musical prelude to North American free trade negotiations? No? Neither are we.

But that's not the point. The point is: you *can* relive that moment, visually, aurally, and not just sentimentally in the windmills of your mind, at the CBC Archives website, <**http://cbc.ca/archives**>. In fact, you can relive all kinds of twentieth-century moments – magical, momentous, or maudlin – at this veritable e-cornucopia of recorded goodies. Remember that wacky '60s party gal Gerda Munsinger and her frolics with certain Canadian cabinet ministers? There's a dozen clips of the scandal, and some of them more than clips. You may, for instance, watch Norman Depoe's entire 1966 half-hour interview with the German siren, then listen to alleged Munsinger paramour Pierre Sévigny attack a snoopy television crew with his cane. Those were the days!

Or you might dwell on the great mid-to-late-century controversies that swirled around margarine, fluoride, and asbestos. Or visit Diefenbaker's Diefenbunker, the below-stairs pit government officials were to retire to should some evil empire or other lob the Big One Ottawa way. Or reacquaint yourself with the crises (October, Oka, boat people, AIDS), the wars (II, Korea, Gulf), and the debates (flag, constitution). Meet Margaret Laurence, Marshall McLuhan, Terry Fox, Maurice Richard, Leonard Cohen. See the 1972 Canada-Soviet hockey series, Grey Cup ups and downs, and curlingmania. You get the picture. Or you *will* get the picture (and the sound) in all its in-the-moment immediacy, if you log on.

Mineral Formation of African Descent

A sixty-metre slab of black limestone at St-Armand-Station, Quebec, marks the spot of one Canada's few – and Quebec's only – slave cemeteries. Near the U.S. border sixty-seven kilometres south of Montreal, the village was a terminus of the Underground Railroad. An estimated three hundred black people lived in St-Armand and region in the latter half of the nineteenth century, some of them, according to local tradition, buried at a place known locally as "Nigger Rock."

This Eastern Townships cemetery, on land once owned by United Empire Loyalist Philip Luke, who brought slaves with him to Lower Canada in 1784, has – after considerable community organizing – received official government recognition. Coinciding with the 170th anniversary of the abolishment of slavery in the British Empire, the site is now commemorated with a plaque. The St-Armand site joins three other slave cemeteries listed in Canada – in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, Princeville, Ontario, and Dresden, Ontario.

BRENT BYRON WATSON

Canada's Forgotten War

Fifty years after the ceasefire, the lessons of the Korean War remain all but ignored by Canadians, their government, and their military.

On the evening of July 27, 1953, the guns in Korea fell silent. At 2200 hours sharp, a salvo of flares erupted along the front, officially announcing the end of open hostilities that had turned the Korean peninsula into a charnel house for three long years. In the Canadian sector of the front, the first bottles of Asahi beer were prised open to mark the occasion. Many, many more were consumed before the night was through. Gazing between sips of warm beer at the brilliant pyrotechnic display, the soldiers of Canada's Twenty-fifth Canadian Infantry Brigade Group came to realize that they had survived their Korean tours. Three hundred and twelve of their comrades did not.

Half a world away in Canada, news of the ceasefire was greeted with measured apathy. After all, Korea was not a war, the prime minister assured Canadians, but rather a UN "police action" to "restore the peace." Accordingly, there was no national mobilization or wartime rationing and no conscription. At the height of the fighting in Korea, the primary focus of Canadian defence and foreign policy remained the containment of Soviet communism in Western Europe. Pursuant to this, the Canadian government initiated an ambitious rearmament program after years of budgetary retrenchment and neglect. Most of the money went to meeting the government's expensive new NATO and North American air defence commitments. The several thousand Canadian soldiers fighting in Korea, meanwhile, were of secondary – even tertiary – importance. As long as they held the line in Korea, thereby securing for Canada "a seat at the table" at UN headquarters in New York, they could safely be ignored. Interested Canadians might read of the battlefield exploits of their troops in the nation's newspapers, but by 1953 such stories were, judging from their sidebar status, far less important than stock prices, sports scores, and the latest fashion trends. The Korean War was forgotten even as it was being fought.

Canadian civilians and their elected leaders were not the only ones who viewed Korea as a distant sideshow. In an interview shortly after the ceasefire, a Canadian commander claimed that "the lessons of the Korean War are ones which can have but limited application." In fact, the upper echelons of Canada's military were just as anxious to forget the Korean War as other Canadians, albeit for some different reasons. The senior military leadership certainly viewed Europe as Canada's primary security focus; yet, there was another reason they wanted to put the Korean War behind them. With few exceptions, the Canadian army did not perform well in Korea, and it repeatedly found itself outfought (and outgunned) by its vastly more competent and numerous Asian adversaries. Individual Canadian soldiers fought hard and certainly did not lack courage to be sure, but the combined effects of governmental neglect and high-command imprudence undermined the effectiveness of Canada's soldiers in the field. Only months before the ceasefire, for example, the Chinese launched a devastatingly effective attack against the Third Battalion of the Royal Canadian Regiment. Thirty Canadian and Korean augmentation troops serving with the battalion were killed, forty-one wounded, and eleven taken prisoner. Clearly a Canadian defeat, the battle remains the bloodiest engagement fought by our troops since the Second World War. Nevertheless, it barely even registered in the media at the time, let alone provided the basis for a thorough reassessment of Canadian military methods. The lone Canadian officer who attempted to extract lessons from the ashes of this Canadian defeat found himself quietly pushed to the margins of the military establishment.

Thus, fifty years after the ceasefire, the lessons of the Korean War remain all but ignored by Canadians, their government, and their military. That this ignorance still exists in the context of North Korea's continued threats to world peace and regional stability is inexcusable and potentially dangerous.

For one thing, Korea should have shown Canadians that UN missions are not bloodless affairs. Just because

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

a mission bears the UN stamp of approval, we must not delude ourselves into thinking that Canadian troops will not be placed in harm's way.

In this regard, Korea should have reminded Canadians that a nation's military contribution to a multinational security operation will ultimately be measured not by the commitment of naval and air forces, but by troops on the ground. Canada initially responded to the UN call to arms in Korea with three naval destroyers and an air transport squadron. Under intense pressure from the UN and the United States, the Canadian government eventually agreed to send ground troops. However, after announcing the creation of an army "special force" for service in Korea, the government was forced to embark upon the time-consuming (and embarrassing) process of recruiting, training, and equipping a scratch force of volunteers from the streets. Nobody in Ottawa seemed to realize that combat-capable ground troops cannot be willed into existence overnight.

Personnel of 'B' Company, 1RCR (Royal Canadian Regiment), who survived a Chinese assault in October 1952.

Indeed, Korea should have alerted Canadians and their elected leaders to the costs of pursuing a foreign policy based on active participation in multinational security organizations. After all but disbanding the military following the Second World War, the Canadian government insisted on accepting one military commitment after another. With the military's limited resources stretched to the breaking point, there simply was not enough material or equipment to go around. With all eyes fixed on Europe and NATO, it was inevitable that the Twenty-fifth Brigade in Korea would suffer most from the military's growing pains. However, the political requirement to retain the presence in the UN effectively ended any possibility of pulling the Canadians out of Korea. A similar situation confronts us today as the Canadian government ponders an expanded role in the war against terrorism, while still maintaining a comparatively large contingent of troops in the former Yugoslavia. Contrary to what the Canadian government and its spin doctors might claim, the current defence budget – including the extra money announced in the 2003 budget – will not come even close to solving the military's very serious fiscal shortcomings or slowing the "rust-out" of its major equipment systems.

Korea should have also taught Canadian policy makers that modern conflict is not confined to Europe. For over forty-five years the superpowers stood eyeball to eyeball in Europe waiting for a Third World War that never came. Concurrently, in places like Asia and Africa, brutal little wars raged that threatened world peace and caused untold dislocation and human suffering. Some of these wars, including Korea, seemed to blow up out of nowhere. Secretary of State for External Affairs Lester B. Pearson recalled when news of the outbreak of war on the Korean peninsula reached Ottawa in late June 1950, he was "caught completely off guard by the North Korean aggression."

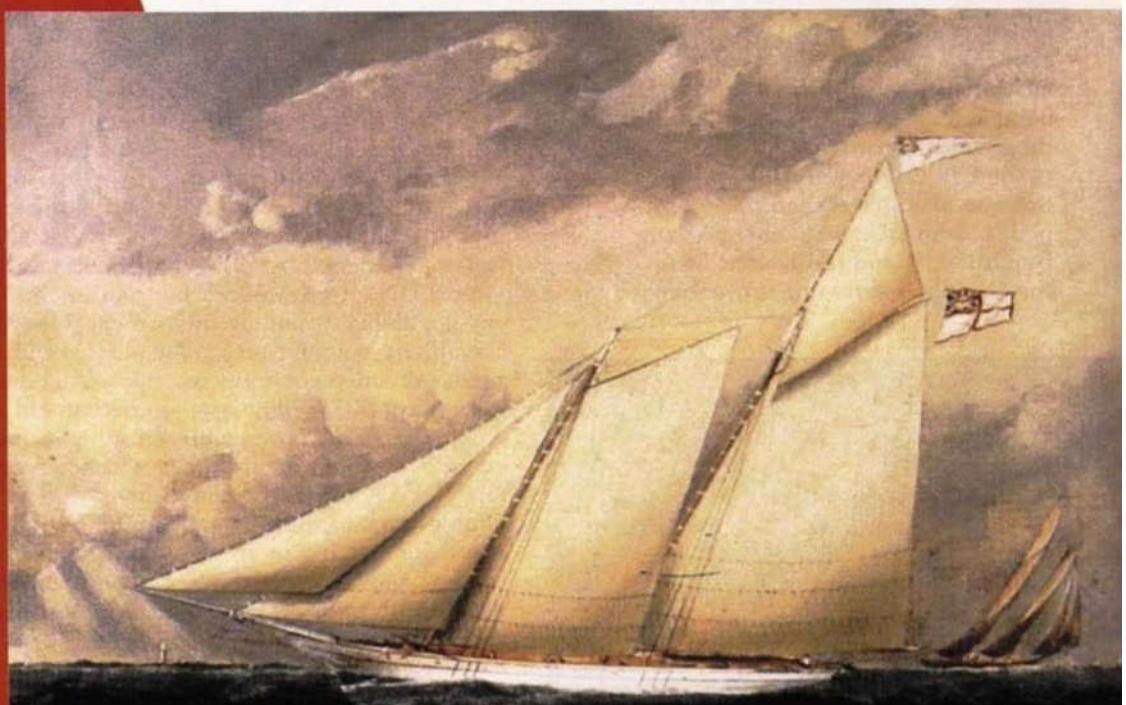
Today, we once again risk being caught off guard by North Korean actions. Our military is overextended and inadequately funded and our overall understanding of the East Asian security situation in general, and North Korean military affairs in particular, remains woefully inadequate. For example, while the Department of National Defence's arms proliferation branch employs seven full-time analysts, the Asia-Pacific branch employs only three. Meanwhile, the Canadian army, still in the throes of a post–Cold War Europe identity crisis, ignores its own recent history and uses business models in a futile attempt to define its role in the future security environment. However, despite all the catch phrases and buzzwords, its "multipurpose" force structure still emphasizes mechanized warfare across open (read European) terrain. Even Afghanistan, which, at least topographically, was the most difficult theatre our troops have served in since Korea, was viewed as something of an anomaly – witness the pathetic spectacle of Canadian troops tromping around the arid Afghani desert in green-camouflaged uniforms designed for combat in Central Europe. However, there is no mistaking the rag-tag collection of Taliban and Al Qaeda fighters our troops faced in Afghanistan for the tough and highly professional Chinese and North Korean troops the Twenty-fifth Brigade faced in Korea five decades ago.

And they are still there – approximately 800,000 of them, minus their Chinese allies for the time being. Most are positioned along Korea's Demilitarized Zone, where they man heavy artillery pieces capable of hitting the South Korean capital of Seoul in a matter of minutes. Several hundred miles to the north, in the North Korean capital of Pyongyang, the reclusive dictator Kim Jong Il dreams of fulfilling his father's objective of forcibly reuniting the two Koreas, while he pushes ahead, in spite of UN opposition, with a program to develop nuclear weapons.

Can we really afford to ignore the lessons of the Korean War any longer? ■

Brent Byron Watson is associate professor of history at Okanagan University College. He is the author of *Far Eastern Tour: The Canadian Infantry in Korea 1950–1953*, published in 2002 by McGill-Queen's University Press.

Prowling the New England coast, Nova Scotia's **Liverpool Packet** *created panic among the Americans and made her owner the richest man in British North America.*



The Privateer

by Ben Maycock

On a grey November day in 1811 an unfortunate little schooner struggled into Halifax Harbour. Her disrepair, the severe backward slant of her two spars, and the stubbornness with which she cut at the waves suggested she had never seen a single day of glory. There was little to imply that this captured Spanish slave smuggler was destined to become one of the most successful privateers in the history of maritime warfare, the pride of Nova Scotia, and the bane of the American seaboard.

The schooner was moored among the lots up for auction at a wharfside tavern at the foot of Salter Street. Left to bump lazily against the dock, she began to attract attention, derisive though it was, for her small

carriage, unorthodox rigging, and the rank smell emanating from her bowels. The stench of the illicit human cargo that had been so recently stacked like cordwood in her belly permeated each timber and served to remind all of her shameful lineage. Word travelled quickly along the Halifax waterfront, and there sprang up a morbid curiosity in the little boat they would refer to as the "Black Joke."

Business was brisk at the Spread Eagle that afternoon. Lot after lot came and went without note, but a renewed interest ran through the crowd when the Black Joke's number was called. Many believed the seemingly useless boat would be lucky to fetch her opening bid. Attendant among the businessmen and the curious, however, was Enos Collins, a Nova Scotian quickly making a name for himself as an entrepreneur with an uncanny knack for finding opportunity in the oddest of places.

It has been said that one such situation had presented itself to Collins a few years previous. During the Peninsular War (1808–1814), the British army had found themselves outside of Cadiz unable to continue battling Napoleon's forces because of lack of provisions. Learning of their plight, Collins loaded three ships full of food, selected three reliable captains, and dispatched them across the Atlantic. The ships slipped through enemy lines, eluding detection and capture, and reached the British safely. Their cargoes were then sold at a great profit, and the three captains returned with a substantial sum to add to Collins's coffers.

Collins himself had served on the ocean as a young man. At the turn of the century, the *Charles Mary Wentworth* had patrolled the Caribbean, wreaking havoc with French trade routes. As acting first lieutenant aboard the brig, Collins enjoyed the spoils and adventure of a career in privateering. Hunting "enemies of the King" proved to be not only lucrative but an effective method with which to build status in the eyes of the citizenry and government back home in Nova Scotia.

For £420, Collins took possession of the Black Joke, and a crew armed with vinegar, tar, and brimstone set to work scouring the odour from his latest acquisition. When she was presentable enough, he christened her the *Liverpool Packet* and set her to running mail and passengers from Halifax down the south shore of Nova Scotia to his hometown of Liverpool. The simplicity of the scheme puzzled more than a few Collins watchers.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the British Empire was facing its toughest challenge. Napoleon was storming across Europe and testing Britain's supremacy on the ocean. With losses mounting to both ships and the men that served on them, the Royal Navy stepped up efforts to replenish her crews by unabashedly impressing sailors already serving on merchant ships. In ever-increasing numbers those merchant ships were American, and as the practice became more frequent, the disregard for their independence became more blatant.

While there are innumerable theories as to what caused the War of 1812, when James Madison, president of the United States, stood before the Senate and House of Representatives on June 1, 1812, it was this practice of impressment that he cited as reason enough to take decisive action against Britain. "British cruisers," he declared, "have been in the continued practice of violating the American flag on the great highway of nations, and of seizing and carrying off persons sailing under it." Eighteen days later, war was declared.

"Madison's War" was already into its second week when news of it reached Halifax. The *Liverpool Packet* was preparing to leave the port on June 27, 1812, when Captain Richard Byron brought an exhausted HMS *Belvidera* into the harbour. Byron had been chased and fired upon by a squadron of five ships under the command of Commodore Rogers of New York, and his ship was tattered proof that the complexion of North America was changing.

A war close to home was just what Collins had been waiting for. The *Liverpool Packet* made a hasty return to her home port and promptly retired from packet duties. Cannons were plucked from their peacetime role as road markers, and a crew was recruited from the men and boys of Liverpool. As a final touch, the Red Jack, emblem of the privateer, was run up the mast, leaving little doubt as to her intentions.

From the onset, an Atlantic war would prove a challenge to both Britain and the United States. The

QUEEN'S COUNTY MUSEUM / LIVERPOOL, NOVA SCOTIA

A small schooner, just over sixteen metres in length, the *Liverpool Packet* had served as a tender to a Spanish slaver before a British war vessel captured it off the African coast. Before the outbreak of the War of 1812, she carried mail and passengers between Halifax and Liverpool, but once hostilities between Britain and the U.S. broke out, its owners equipped it with guns and recruited a prize-crew from among the local fishermen. At the beginning of each voyage the *Liverpool Packet* would be packed to the gunwales with a crew of up to forty men. As each prize was taken and a prize-crew transferred across to take it back to Liverpool, those numbers dwindled rapidly. One New England paper reporting the success the schooner was having off their coast wrote, "she could have captured many more but had only seven men left to navigate her back to Liverpool." During its career, the *Liverpool Packet* captured between 150 and 200 vessels.

This image, long thought to depict the great War of 1812 privateer, is now believed by experts to depict a schooner of the same name built in 1848.

Enos Collins (left), who purchased the *Liverpool Packet* in 1811, learned his trade sailing on privateers to the West Indies. A shrewd businessman, he also profited through supplying provisions to Wellington's army in Spain during the Peninsular War (1807–1814) and later increased his wealth through shipping and banking. He died in 1871 at the age of ninety-seven, reputedly the wealthiest man in British North America.

British already had their hands full with the navies of Napoleon and his allies, while the navy of the fledgling United States was in its infancy. Both were unprepared to clash on the high seas. The use of privateers was a simple and effective way to supplement the naval power of both countries.

Considered by some as nothing more than legalized piracy, privateering as a profession danced across a delicate web of service to country, self-preservation, and pursuit of wealth. Empowered by a letter of marque, a privateer was legally entitled to seize any ship considered an enemy. Once a boat was under its control, a prize crew was placed aboard and the captured vessel was sailed back to a friendly port to be assessed before the vice-admiralty courts. While most of the captured crew were dropped at the nearest available landing spot, a witness, in most instances the captain, was taken with the ship to testify before the judge. Prizes considered legal captures were then sold at auction with the proceeds split amongst the owners, the captain, and the crew.

Joseph Barss, captain of the *Liverpool Packet*, came from a privateering family. His father Joseph Sr., a Liverpool, Nova Scotia merchant, outfitted privateers to attack French and Spanish ships in the Caribbean during the Napoleonic Wars. Joseph Jr. was twenty-three when he commanded his first ship and thirty-six when he became captain of the *Liverpool Packet* in 1812. The next year, when the *Packet* was captured by Americans, he was jailed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He was released on condition that he not return to the ocean against the Americans. He died in 1824.

QUEEN'S COUNTY MUSEUM / LIVERPOOL, NOVA SCOTIA

It is easy to understand why many chose to sign on to the growing numbers of ships being outfitted as privateers. The omnipresent threat of the press gang had made life at the sea more than just a possibility for any man living within the grasp of the Royal Navy. Not only did a privateer enjoy better living and working conditions, every sailor aboard the vessel had a vested interest in the success of the voyage. And there was relatively little danger to the crew of a privateer. If the risk involved in taking a prize was too great, it would simply sail on in search of weaker prey. There was no fear of impressment as privateers were considered off-limits to any Royal Navy press gang seeking new recruits.

The *Liverpool Packet*'s former employ as a slave trader would translate well to her new career. At the time of the *Packet*'s capture, the HMS *Sloop of War Tartus* reported that she was "a low fast sailing vessel and consequently extremely well adapted ... to elude the vigilant search that the ships of war of almost every nation are now making for vessels carrying on this trade." The Baltimore-style* topsail schooner measured a mere sixteen metres in length with a hold only two metres in height. Her black hull and dark spars made her almost impossible to spot on the horizon, and she lay in the water like a crocodile waiting for its dinner.

Her trim physique also meant she was a light boat, weighing in at about sixty metric tons. Cutting through the ocean at full sail, she was a match for any boat in pursuit, and when winds were light she was nimble enough to be rowed out of harm's way (which she did on occasion with spruce sweeps taken from one of her prizes). She was lightly armed with five guns in total – two four-pounders, one six-pounder, and two twelve-pound carronades, armament meant more to intimidate a merchant vessel than to battle the United States Navy.

The *Liverpool Packet*'s first letter of marque was issued on August 20, 1812, identifying her targets as the French and "enemies of the Crown." Though the Crown was too coy to name the United States outright, the inference was there. By the end of that month, Captain John Freeman had the schooner on course for New England's Georges Bank where the privateers would get their first taste of action and first taste of success. For Freeman, it would be a bittersweet victory.

On September 7, the *Liverpool Packet* intercepted the *Factor*, a ship more than four times her size. When the prize master (chosen by the captain of the privateer to take the captured vessel to a friendly port) went aboard, he found a cargo consisting primarily of jewellery and wine. Buoyed by spirits both boosted and bottled, the crew may have proven themselves unmanageable to the military-minded Captain Freeman. Despite their differences, captain and crew struck again the following day, overcoming the 295-metric-ton *Middlesex* bound for New York from Liverpool, England. Whether it was age, ill-health, or the lack of a better disciplined crew, for Freeman the voyage proved to be both success and failure, for when the *Liverpool Packet* returned to Liverpool, Nova Scotia, she had two prizes in tow, but was under the steady hand of one Joseph Barss Jr.

At thirty-six years old, Captain Joseph Barss Jr. was a much younger man than John Freeman, yet had already proven himself an experienced privateer. At the turn of

*Appearing during the American Revolution and designed for speed, Baltimore-built schooners were light, with sharply raked stem and sternpost.

the century and while still in his early twenties, Barss had succeeded the daring Captain Alex Godfrey in command of the *Rover*, the Liverpool privateer made famous for its triumphs on the Spanish Main. It was only natural that Barss, with experience and a family background in privateering, would relieve Freeman.

The change in command did not pay off immediately, however. On his first voyage to Georges Bank, Barss only managed to capture a single ketch, one not much bigger than the *Liverpool Packet*. After such a discouraging start, Barss had to rethink his strategy. Back in Liverpool he came to a decision that would change all their fates. On her third voyage, the *Liverpool Packet* did not return to Georges Bank, but rather made directly for a far more profitable hunting ground, Cape Cod.

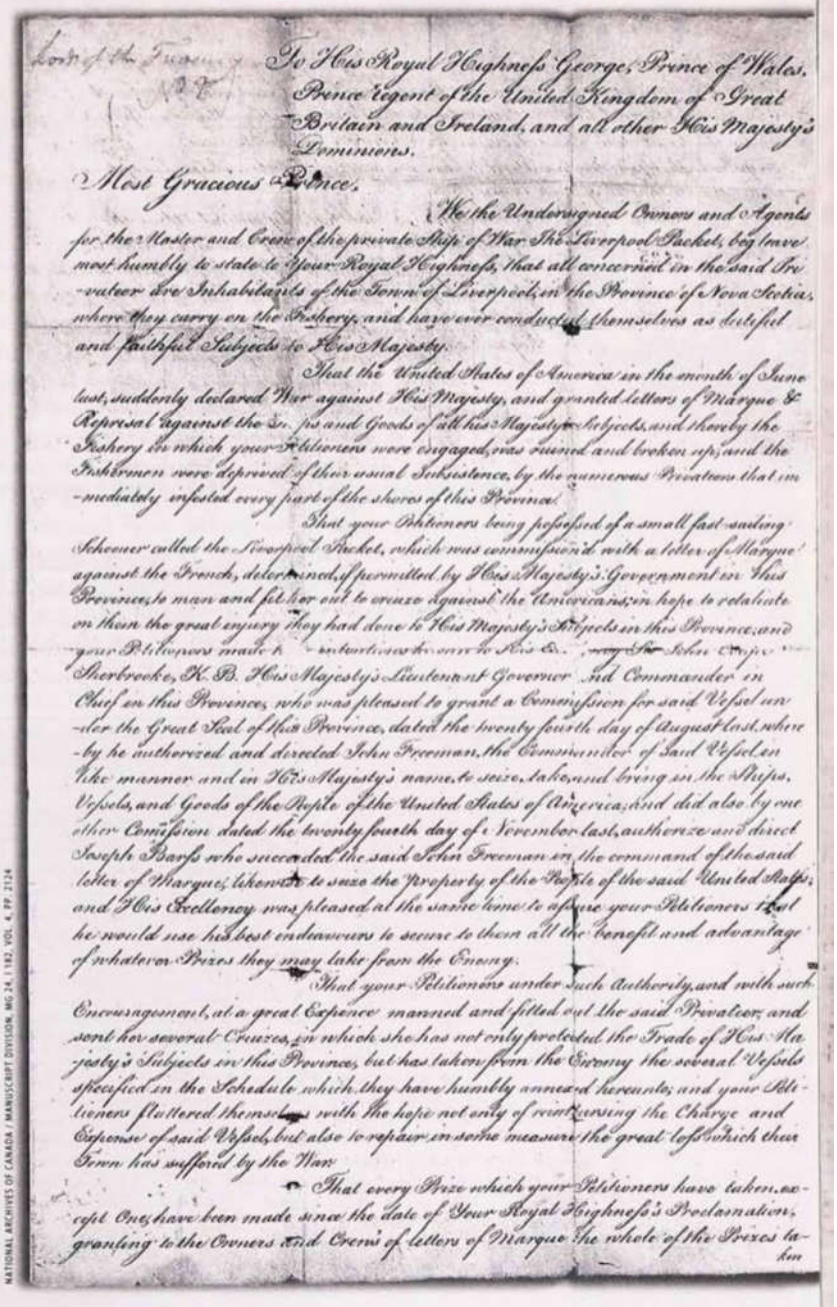
New England's Cape Cod sweeps out into the Atlantic Ocean like a scimitar. In 1812, boat traffic along the American seaboard had to circumnavigate the peninsula to reach either New York or Boston. Unchecked by the British, the coasting trade, as it was called, was becoming a strong backbone of American commerce. It was just off this sandy hook that the *Liverpool Packet* tightly furled its sails and waited for its prey.

Barss and his crew enjoyed overwhelming success on their new "fishing" grounds. Between October 14 and 21, 1812, five prize schooners were diverted to Liverpool by the Black Joke. In November they captured the same number, this time in only three days. December's expedition proved to be even more fruitful, as eight prizes were captured between the fifth and the fourteenth (three being taken in one day.) That Christmas a proud *Liverpool Packet* was moored at home, surrounded by twenty-one prizes.

Privateering was more than being at the right place at the right time; it took a quick and mischievous wit to succeed. Privateering boats were forever changing guises, whether it was flying a neutral or friendly flag or hanging skirting off the deck to obscure guns. At times all but a couple of the crew would hide below while their mates played the part of fishermen. In a schooner as small as the *Liverpool Packet* this would have been a most believable pantomime.

At the same time privateering was not like shooting fish in a barrel. A privateer captain had to be certain that his prize flew the flag of a legitimate enemy before he sent a crew onboard. Any prize unsanctioned by the vice-admiralty courts would not only cost the privateers legal expenses but reparations would have to be made to the injured party. Capturing the wrong boat or slighting the wrong captain could have international repercussions, and a privateer might find himself without when it came time for the king to issue the lucrative letters of marque. Owners of privateers had to have the utmost faith in their captains, as a posted bond of £1,500 would be forfeit if a letter of marque was being abused in the eyes of the court.

Up and down the American coast, debate grew heated over how to eliminate the *Liverpool Packet*. Papers in Boston and New York informed their readers daily of the boat one dubbed the "evil genius of the coast-



To His Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, Prince Regent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and all other His Majesty's Dominions.

Most Gracious Prince,

We the Undersigned Owners and Agents for the Master and Crew of the private Ship of War The Liverpool Packet, beg leave most humbly to state to Your Royal Highness, That all concerned in the said Privateer are Inhabitants of the Town of Liverpool, in the Province of Nova Scotia, where they carry on the Fishery, and have ever conducted themselves as dutiful and faithful Subjects to His Majesty.

That the United States of America in the month of June last, suddenly declared War against His Majesty, and granted letters of Marque & Reprisal against the Ships and Goods of all his Majesty's Subjects, and thereby the Fishery in which your Petitioners were engaged, was ruined and broken up, and the Fishermen were deprived of their usual Subsistence, by the numerous Privateers that immediately infested every part of the shores of this Province.

That your Petitioners being possessed of a small fast sailing Schooner called the Liverpool Packet, which was commissioned with a letter of Marque against the French, determined, if permitted by His Majesty's Government in this Province, to man and fit her out to cruize against the Americans, in hope to retaliate on them the great injury they had done to His Majesty's Subjects in this Province, and your Petitioners made [illegible] intentions known to His Ex[cellency] Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, K.B. His Majesty's Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief in this Province, who was pleased to grant a Commission for said Vessel under the Great Seal of this Province, dated the twenty fourth day of August last, whereby he authorized and directed John Freeman, the Commander of said Vessel in like manner and in His Majesty's name to seize, take, and bring in the Ships, Vessels, and Goods of the People of the United States of America, and did also by one other Comission dated the twenty fourth day of November last, authorize and direct Joseph Barss who succeeded the said John Freeman in the command of the said letter of Marque, likewise to seize the Property of the People of the said United States, and His Excellency was pleased at the same time to assure your Petitioners that he would use his best endeavours to secure to them all the benefit and advantage of whatever Prizes they may take from the Enemy.

That your Petitioners under such authority, and with such Encouragement, at a great Expence manned and fitted out the said Privateer, and sent her several Cruizes, in which she has not only protected the Trade of His Majesty's Subjects in this Provinces, but has taken from the Enemy the several Vessels specified in the Schedule which they have humbly annexed hereunto; and your Petitioners flattered themselves with the hope not only of recompensing the Charge and Expense of said Vessel, but also to repair in some measure the great loss which their Town has suffered by the War.

That every Prize which your Petitioners have taken, except One, have been made since the date of Your Royal Highness's Proclamation, granting to the Owners and Crews of letters of Marque the whole of the Prizes taken

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An 1813 petition to the Prince Regent (after 1820, King George IV) for official recognition of the *Liverpool Packet*'s right to capture and sell enemy ships. Included (overleaf) is a list of ships and cargoes she had taken up until the end of 1812.

ing trade." In Salem, Massachusetts, a new witchhunt began as vigilante seamen were recruited and dispatched in ships sponsored by New England merchants eager to pluck the thorn from their side. It has even been suggested that the Cape Cod Canal, a feat of engineering not complete until 1914, was pondered as a way to avoid the long trip around the Cape and the vulture that lay in wait there.

Despite renewed American vigilance, the *Liverpool Packet* continued its successful ways

Nova Scotia:
V. Admiralty Court.

Be it known that the Schedule under written contains an exact List of all the Vessels and Cargoes which have been Captured and brought within the Jurisdiction of this Court, by the Letter of Marque Schooner, called the Liverpool Packet, whereof John Freeman and Joseph Barss, were severally the Commanders, and also specifies the time when each Vessel was captured, and the Cargoes severally laden on board thereof. Given at Halifax under the Seal of said Court this

A List of the American Vessels Captured by the Privateer Schooner Liverpool Packet, belonging to the Town of Liverpool in this Province, while commanded by John Freeman, and Joseph Barss.

Names of Vessels.	Masters Names.	Times when taken.	Places from whence bound.	Ports bound to.	Burthen of Vessels, and Description of their Cargoes.
Ship Hector	Sam[l] Low	7 Sept[r]	Oporto	Norfolk	Burthen 264 Tons, Cargo wine, Wine & Brandy, with 100 Sailors, prisoners to Sydney, the Vessel was plundered of Sails & some Wine, by a Letter of Marque ship, called the Thorn, of London, bound from Quebec to that Port.
Schoo[r] Little Sue	Ja[s] Rainsmith Jun[r]	17 Oct[o]	Boston	N[w] York	171 Tons, Cargo, Lumber, Gum, Copper, Hoops, Staves, Tar & Oil.
Do Three Brothers	Joseph Crowell	18 Oct[o]	Machias	Ditto	138 Tons, Cargo, Boards.
Do Union	Joseph Hale	20 Oct[o]	Philadelp[a]	Kennybunk	105 Tons, Cargo, Flour, Corn, and other Articles.
Do Anson	John Smith	19 Oct[o]	Boston	Baltimore	97 Tons, Cargo Salt, Earthen Ware, Vinegar, Cheese, Cotton, Canvas, Bonnets, and other articles.
Do Polly	Nehemiah Shore	22 Oct[o]	Charlestown	Boston	85 Tons, Cargo, Rice, Cotton, Shoes, and tanned Leather.
Do Sultan	Dan[l] Mallet	13 Nov[r]	Boston	N[w] York	80 Tons, Cargo, Salt, Oil, and Fish.
Do New Troye	Arch[d] Mercer	11 Nov[r]	N[w] York	Boston	247 Tons, C[o] [illegible] & Earthen Ware, Varnish, and other articles.
Do Lucretia	Joseph Hunt	11 Nov[r]	Boston	Savannah	179 Tons, Cotton, Candles, and other Merchandize.
Do Betsy & Hannah	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Kennybunk	103 Tons, Cargo [illegible] Spruce, and Baggage.
Brig Ceasarea	Robert Hobbins	18 Nov[r]	Alexandria	Portsmouth	210 Tons, Cargo, Flour, Corn, Hay & some Tobacco, which is a claim yet pending, given by the Owners for Ship and Cargo, as under protection of a Licence from the [illegible]
Schoo[r] Three Friends	Otis Tuft	18 Dec[r]	Baltimore	Boston	75 Tons, Cargo, Corn, Flour, and Hemp. Flour is a similar claim to the last, pending for this Ship & Cargo.
Schoo[r] Chase	Sam[l] Hyde	9 Dec[r]	Portland	Norfolk	98 Tons, Cargo, Lumber.
Do Fenelon	Sam[l] Hopkins	18 Dec[r]	Baltimore	Boston	168 Tons, Cargo, Corn & Flour.
Do Two Friends	Solom[n] Marble	17 Dec[r]	Ditto	Ditto	58 Tons, Cargo, Flour, and Tobacco.
Sloop Susan	Josiah Ellis	17 Dec[r]	Alexandria	Ditto	39 Tons, Cargo, Flour.
Schoo[r] Columbia	Seth Sheldon	21 Dec[r]	Richmond	Ditto	87 Tons, Cargo, Flour & Tobacco.
Do Dove	Wm[m] Hayes	17 Dec[r]	Philadelph[a]	Ditto	[illegible] Tons, Cargo, Corn and Oats.
Do Eliza	Peter Joy	Ditto	Ditto	Boston	98 Tons, Cargo, Rig Iron, Mr Nine pounders, Gin, Flour, Dry goods & sundry other Articles.

into 1813. In March, April, and May of that year, Barss and his prize-crews captured twelve more ships. Decreasing numbers of captures, however, foreshadowed problems on the horizon.

On June 8, the *Liverpool Packet*, hoping to improve on the previous month's solitary prize, set off for the waters that had been so good to them. At roughly the same time as she was departing Liverpool, an American privateer, the *Thomas*, was leaving Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Three days later, at 9 A.M. on June 11, the *Thomas* caught sight of the *Packet*'s sails and gave chase. For six hours the American schooner pursued the smaller boat, engaging in a game of cat and mouse along the coastline of Maine.

Eventually the *Liverpool Packet*'s luck ran out. At 3 P.M. the *Thomas* was close enough to dispatch a boarding party. Tension from not only hours of pursuit but months of frustration bubbled over in the American crew, and as they jumped aboard the *Packet*, rifles raked the deck of the Liverpool privateer. Two of the *Thomas* crew were killed instantly, shot in the backs by their own marines. Captain Shaw was quick to restore order before there was any more bloodshed, though his second lieutenant remarked "on his great sorrow he had not put every soul on the *Liverpool Packet* to death."

Understandably, when the *Thomas* put in to port it was welcomed by a sizable crowd. Barss and his crew of thirty-five were manacled together and led through the streets of a festive Portsmouth. Though American papers had long been calling for the destruction of the *Liverpool Packet*, when she was captured it was decided that she was too valuable a boat to destroy. Instead, she was refitted and christened *Young Teazer's Ghost* in deference to the American privateer that had been set ablaze by her own lieutenant in Mahone Bay. William Dobson, captain and survivor of the *Young Teazer* explosion, took command of her "Ghost."

The *Liverpool Packet* did not respond well to her new citizenship. Captain Dobson and *Young Teazer's Ghost* had no success on their first and only voyage. She was sold and rechristened the *Portsmouth Packet* in the hope that her former charm would return with her name. But her Portsmouth crew showed little of the cunning that her Liverpool crew had. Her movements were easily monitored. The *Acadian Recorder*'s Yarmouth correspondent even noted her in the September 25 edition's shipping news: "The late *Liverpool Packet*, now called (as they say) the *'Young Teazer's Ghost'* has been off this place for the last four days." On October 5 the HMS *Fantome* chased the *Portsmouth Packet* for fourteen hours, capturing her off Maine's Mount Desert Island. She was back in British hands.

When the *Liverpool Packet* returned to Halifax, she was welcomed by an old friend. For exactly the same price, Enos Collins and his partners purchased the schooner in the same tavern for a second time.

On November 19, Sir John Sherbrooke, lieutenant governor of Nova Scotia, granted a letter of marque to Caleb Seely, the new captain of the rechristened *Liverpool Packet*. This time the licence was bold enough to state that the twenty-six-year-old United Empire Loyalist was qualified for "apprehending, seizing, and taking the Ships, Vessels and Goods belonging to the United States of America."

The *Liverpool Packet* had effectively been out of action for six months, but she took up where she left off. That December she captured three prizes with two more following in January. Pickings were noticeably slimmer, however. There were more privateers competing for fewer prizes, and what prizes there were were savvy to the tricks of a privateer.

Despite the scarcity of prey, Seely still managed to bring in nine ships from May to October of 1814. Not tempting his fate and with fourteen prizes to his credit, Seely retired his command and settled down in marriage with Collins's sister Phoebe.

On November 11, 1814, the *Liverpool Packet* was granted her final letter of marque. Lewis Knaut, a prize master who had sailed under Caleb Seely, manned the helm for the final voyage. In the first week of December, the *Packet* sent home three ships before returning to port. Like Barss and Seely before him, Knaut had the schooner moored in Liverpool so the crew could spend Christmas with their loved ones.

For two years the *Liverpool Packet* held the Atlantic coast spellbound, then vanished as quickly as she had appeared. Her final tally of fifty prizes far exceeds that of any privateer or navy ship on either side in the conflict. The suggestion that the *Packet*'s crew boarded between 150 to 200 vessels during the twenty-two months she sailed under the Red Jack is certainly believable; one legitimate prize for every three captures was considered a good average for a privateer of the time. Her owners and crew profited greatly from her success, sharing in what has been estimated at one million dollars in prize money. When Enos Collins died in 1871 at the age of ninety-seven, he was considered the richest man in British North America.

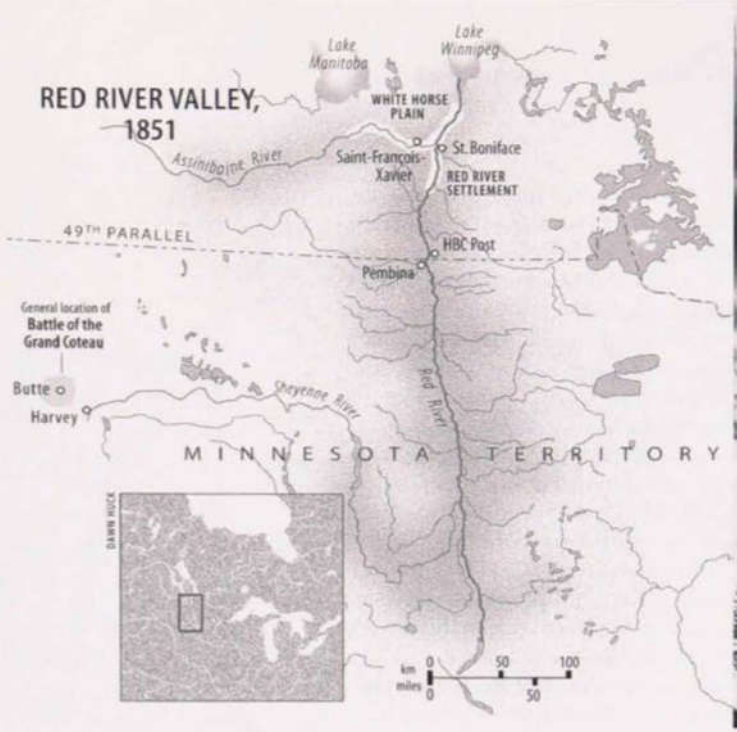
The *Liverpool Packet*'s fiftieth prize is recorded in the vice-admiralty court records as the *Fair Trader*, captured on December 6, 1814. After that, no mention of her can be found, her place in history secure yet veiled in anonymity. ◘

Ben Maycock is a Nova Scotia writer currently living, working, and researching on Nantucket Island.

et cetera

The Atlantic Privateers **by John Leefe. Petheric Press, Halifax 1978.**

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / MANUSCRIPT DIVISION, MG 24, I 182, VOL. 4, PP. 2329.

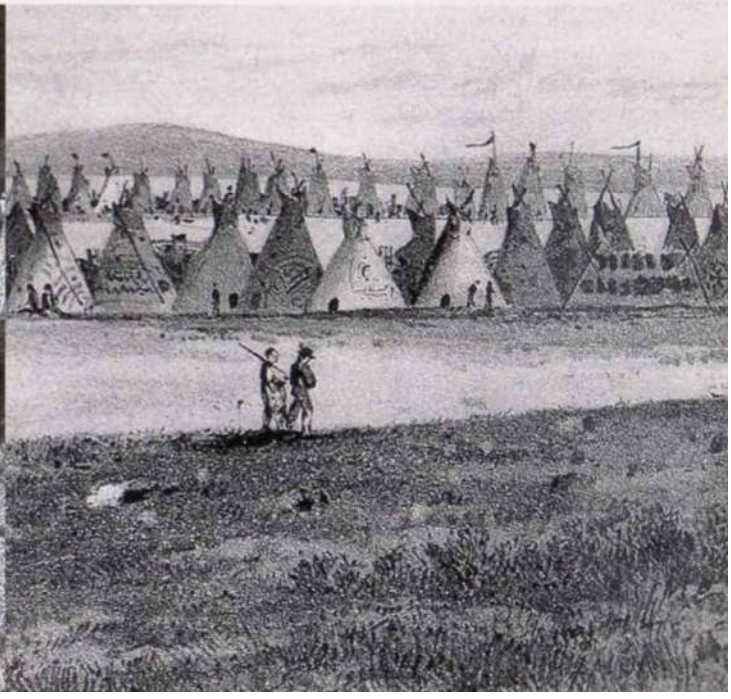


Divided

For the Métis of Red River in the middle of the nineteenth century, it was an uncertain world. Neither white nor native, but a distinctive blend of both, they were beset on all sides. White settlement imperilled their itinerant ways. Hostile Sioux threatened their traditional hunt. With the Hudson's Bay Company and the government in London ignoring their claims, some Métis considered another alliance – with the Americans.

by Michael Sasges

Loyalties



I am sorry to say that there has been some trouble in the plains between the hunters and a band of Sioux, in which two half-breeds from this settlement were killed, and one wounded severely in the knee. The half breeds are much excited about this, and I am afraid there will be more fighting hereafter.

On the 3rd instance the English mare died, after a few hours illness ...

Eden Colville,
Lower Fort Garry, 18 Sept[r]. 1850

The governor of Rupert's Land was right: There was, indeed, more fighting the next year between the "half-breeds" and the Sioux – the Battle of the Grand Coteau, considered a seminal moment in the history of the Métis people. It occurred in today's North Dakota, near the headwaters of the Sheyenne River, on the eastern ridge of the Missouri Coteau, the long escarpment that indicates the second steppe of the North American Plains. It consisted of one evening of preliminaries and two full days of attacks by Sioux fighters on a Métis buffalo-hunting brigade that had travelled south from White Horse Plain, a community centred around the Catholic parish of Saint-François-Xavier, forty kilometres west of present-day Winnipeg.

The White Horse Plain brigade was relatively small, consisting of about sixty rifles or hunters along with women and children. They were taking part in a summer ritual, the slaughter of bison, from which they made pemmican, a concoction of buffalo meat and fat that fed the men of the fur-trade boat brigades on their long river journeys during the short northern travel season. In journeying over the Great Plains south and west of the Red River settlements, they were skirting the borders of territory held by the Sioux, with whom, as the children of Cree and Ojibwa mothers, they maintained an enduring enmity. They were also, as it happens, journeying over an international border.

That summer, the Métis were aware that the Sioux intended to interfere in their hunt. Late on Saturday, July 12, 1851, that intention was realized. Forewarned by scouts who noted the presence nearby of a large encampment of some twenty-five hundred Sioux, the Métis brigade began a defensive strategy – circling the Red River carts with which they hauled the spoils of the hunt back north to their settlement, digging trenches, and throwing up ramparts. Through the next day and into the next they repelled successive charges of the much larger Sioux forces. On July 14, the Sioux finally retreated. Not far off, a much larger brigade of Métis – about six hundred rifles – was hunting buffalo. They were Métis from St. Boniface, in the Red River settlement, and from Pembina, in Minnesota Territory. Arriving as a thundering relief column of mounted riflemen, they, with the mounting casualties and dwindling ammunition supply of the Sioux as well as the deteriorating weather, brought an end to the hostilities. Remarkably, the Métis suffered only one casualty, a scout, *"l'infortuné Jean Baptiste Mal à terre"* of Saint-François-Xavier parish (see sidebar, page 17).

Though the Métis were superb horsemen and disciplined fighters, their decision that summer to hunt in two separate brigades – a White Horse Plain party and a Red River party – was communal folly. Aware that the Sioux intended to harass the hunt, the Métis doubled the risk of a collision between themselves and the Sioux hunters by splitting in two and acting independently of one another. Beyond calculation, they increased the risk of battle for the smaller brigade if it were intercepted – as it was – by the Sioux. This dangerous decision has perplexed historians. The common conjecture is that the community split over the Hudson's Bay Company's prosecution of a Red River Métis for illegally trafficking in furs.[1] But evidence suggests that the Métis of the West, by the early nineteenth century conscious of themselves as an independent people, may have been for a time split not by an internecine quarrel but by an imaginary line that had come into being (though not necessarily into force) thirty-three years earlier – the forty-ninth parallel.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, the Métis found themselves increasingly challenged by the flux of events in the Red River community. The arrival of Scottish settlers under Lord Selkirk's aegis in 1811 had earlier been taken as a direct threat to Métis trade, livelihood, and territorial interests. The HBC's trade and administrative monopoly in Red River rankled through the 1830s and 1840s, while eastern Canadian interests in the West began to intensify as Confederation moved from dream to reality. Meanwhile, in 1849 the U.S. solidified its claim on its Upper Midwest frontier when Congress created the Minnesota Territory (which included present-day North and South Dakota). For

[1] In May 1849, Pierre Guillaume Sayer was brought to trial in the General Quarterly Court of Assiniboia on charges of violating the HBC charter by illegally trafficking in furs. While three hundred armed Métis led by Louis Riel père assembled outside, the court found Sayer guilty, but recommended mercy. Sayer was released with no punishment, and the company's power to enforce its monopoly in Red River was effectively lost. However, Cuthbert Grant, the leader of the White Horse Plain Métis community, who had been appointed warden of the Plains by HBC governor George Simpson, upheld the HBC monopoly at the Sayer trial. In doing so, he alienated other factions within the larger Métis community.

Métis of Red River, circa 1860, photographed by Humphrey Lloyd Hime. Historically, the word *Métis* usually refers to descendants of native women and French Canadian voyageurs who settled north and west of the Great Lakes watershed from the middle of the eighteenth century forward. Though Red River also had a mixed-blood culture composed of offspring of Scottish Hudson's Bay Company employees and their native wives, the French-speaking and Catholic Métis outnumbered the English-speaking and Protestant "country born" mixed bloods and the Europeans from 1820 until 1870. Vital suppliers to the fur trade, the Métis increasingly defended their own identity and interests against those of the HBC monopoly and then, as Rupert's Land was being transferred to the Canadian government in 1870, against federal machinations. When massive European immigration followed the coming of the railways to the West in the 1880s, the Métis declined sharply as a political force.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / (LEFT) C 16937 / (RIGHT) C 16447

***Camp Red River Hunters*, circa 1853–54 by John Mix Stanley. Bison was the primary food source of Plains natives and Métis and was also essential to the fur trade, which required large quantities of dried meat and pemmican to feed the boat brigades during the short northern travel season. Thirty years after Stanley painted this scene, prairie bison were virtually extinct and the hunt vanished.**

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 001282

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 11845

Butte de Morale, circa 1853–54 by John Mix Stanley. Located nine kilometres northeast of today's Harvey, North Dakota, Butte de Morale is the gravesite of Jean Baptiste Mal à terre, the White Horse Plain scout killed in the Battle of the Grand Coteau.

many Métis people, the changing political and economic landscape probably raised this question: what allegiances might best serve their interests as a distinct people and preserve their way of life? For the Métis of Pembina in the middle of the nineteenth century, that allegiance appeared to lie with the Americans.

Pembina, 130 kilometres south of the forks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, in an area that was part of the original Hudson's Bay Company grant, was settled by Europeans as early as 1780. But it was abandoned by the HBC in the early 1820s because the 1818 declaration of the forty-ninth parallel as the border placed it within American territory. Pembina Métis, beholden to the HBC for their livelihood, moved north to White Horse Plain; others settled in St. Boniface. In the 1840s, however, prompted by grievances with the HBC and attracted by new American initiatives, Métis began to migrate back south to Pembina.

In 1844, a Canadian serving with the American Fur Company, Norman Kittson, opened a trading post at Pembina that challenged the HBC monopoly of the fur market in the Red River drainage. Now the Métis (and aboriginals) had another buyer for their pelts and the possibility of better prices. As well, Kittson opened a market for buffalo robes, which the HBC was reluctant to handle. He transformed an embryonic carting connection between Pembina and settlements to the south. All of these provided employment to the Métis.

The next year, the U.S. war department responded to complaints from Kittson, his financial backers, and their political champions in the frontier Upper Midwest about the "annual incursions" of "the British half-breeds of the North Red river." It sent a detachment to Minnesota Territory to warn Métis hunters that they were trespassing if they followed the bison south of the forty-ninth parallel. For some Métis who didn't want themselves excluded from hunting south of the border, this military warning was a further incentive to relocate.

Then, in 1848, Georges-Antoine Belcourt, a Quebec priest who had earlier championed the Métis in their grievances with the HBC and had been banished from Red River, returned west and reinvigorated the mission at Pembina. He became an advocate for U.S. government protection for the Pembina brigade. In September 1850, he wrote a letter to the first governor of Minnesota Territory, Alexander Ramsey, complaining "of manifold injuries and insults received by the [Pembina] Half-breeds ... from the subjects of the British crown, and ... the deportment of the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company." He claimed that the trespassing hunters from the north would mean a season of "misery" and "privation" in and around Pembina. In an essay later in the decade, he argued for Minnesota Territory authorities to encourage more Métis emigration from HBC settlements.

In 1850, too, Jean Baptiste Wilkie, a captain of the Pembina buffalo hunt, led a deputation to meet Ramsey, seeking his endorsement of their administration of the Pembina settlement. Ramsey, eager to have good government on the new territory's northern reaches, was glad to do so. Also, in an 1850 report, the governor recorded requests from the Métis of Pembina for a government role in the preservation of the buffalo from slaughter by hunters from north of the international boundary:

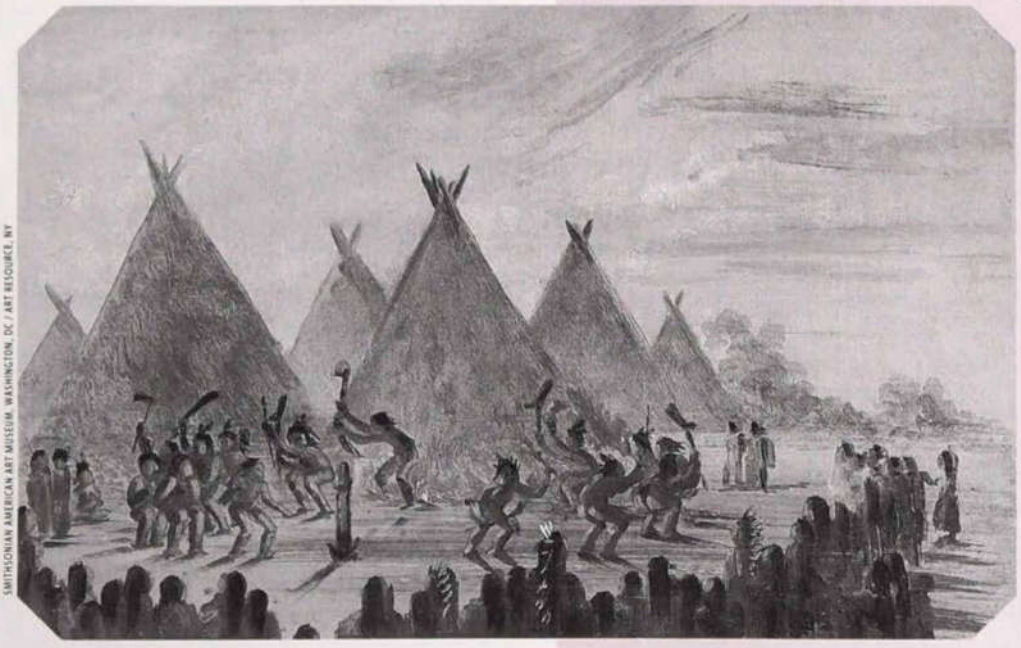
> *This people have, upon several occasions ... urged the necessity of decisive and preemptory action by government to protect them in their rights as American citizens, and preserve the buffalo ... from the trespass of British subjects, who, destroying them in their annual hunts, diminish thereby their means of subsistence.*

For the Pembina Métis, the alliance with the Minnesota Territory administration offered the possibility of release from the mercantile governance of the HBC, in which their communal aspirations and apprehensions were no more than incidentals in the company's pursuit of commercial success (and where the violent death of one of their men in battle shared equal billing with a dead horse in the HBC governor's account). For the pioneer administration of Minnesota Territory, which sought to effect the national policy of subduing and "civilizing" aboriginal people on agricultural reservations, the alliance with the Métis offered a check on HBC activity south of the international border and the nomadic ways that accompanied the fur trade.

What the White Horse Plain Métis thought precisely of their brethren's dalliance with the Americans is unknown. But it's clear that though they and the combined brigade of Métis from Pembina and St. Boniface agreed to form a plan of mutual support in case of Sioux attack, by 1851 each wished to act independently of the other during the summer hunt. According to Manitoba historian W.L. Morton's description, they moved in parallel columns, along parallel routes about thirty to fifty kilometres apart. Only when the smaller party was under duress did the larger party ride to the rescue.

Despite the risk, the Métis continued to hunt separately in the years after the Battle of the Grand Coteau. Isaac Ingalls Stevens, commander of a rail-corridor-exploration party dispatched by the U.S. war department and Congress, crossing Minnesota Territory to take up his appointment as governor of Washington Territory in 1853, met with Wilkie and had what he described as a "very pleasant conversation."

Sioux War Dance, circa 1845–48 by George Catlin. The Sioux (or Dakota, as they called themselves) were the masters of the North American plains in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and one of the most populous First Nations in the Western Hemisphere. After the mid-nineteenth century, however, under pressure from the westward expansion of American settlers, they lost their territorial sovereignty, were confined to a small area, and were expected to abandon hunting for farming. Ensuing hostilities included the 1876 Battle of the Little Big Horn, in which the Sioux were victorious over General George Custer's Seventh Cavalry, and the 1890 massacre at Wounded Knee, which effectively crushed native revolt. In the wake of the conflict, some Sioux, including Sitting Bull, moved to southwestern Manitoba and southeastern Saskatchewan.



SMITHSONIAN AMERICAN ART MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, DC / ART RESOURCE, NY

The Battle of the Grand Coteau

On June 12, 1851, the shadow of the Earth blacked out the moon rising over the prairies. If the eclipse was an omen, it wasn't for the Métis hunting buffalo in the rolling country of what is today western North Dakota. It was for the Sioux, who would, over the next two days, lose to the Métis in a battle that historian W.L. Morton called "the most remarkable military feat of the 'new nation' of the Métis."

The Métis at what became known as the Battle of the Grand Coteau were few; the Sioux many. But the Métis were better equipped than their foes, and with decades of fighting behind them they had developed battle tactics well adapted to the plains environment. When scouts warned of twenty-five hundred Sioux assembled nearby, the party of Métis from White Horse Plain quickly circled their Red River carts wheel to wheel, shafts in the air, and secured them with the poles used to make frames for drying buffalo meat. Inside this corral, draft animals were protected and women and children sheltered in shallow trenches. In a ring outside the barricade, men dug rifle pits to keep the Sioux from getting to the carts. The strategy worked. Though the great army of the Sioux initially charged the barrier, then spent hours skirmishing and sniping the first day of battle, a scorching July 13, managing to lob the occasional arrow into the corral, they could not penetrate the Métis defences manned by sixty-seven guns, some of them – like a young Gabriel Dumont – barely teenaged.

After the frustrated Sioux retreated before a sudden thunderstorm, the White Horse Plain Métis made the risky decision to decamp early the next morning to join the much larger Red River Métis brigade hunting nearby. They executed the manoeuvre with finesse. While scouts kept a lookout, the carts advanced in four columns, which allowed them, at a moment's notice, to turn and quickly form a barricaded circle. When again, with war cries, the Sioux attacked, the Métis held them off. Five hours of skirmishing later, another thunderstorm broke. As the Sioux galloped away defeated, the first of a party of Red River Métis came pounding over the prairie. It was the end of the Battle of the Grand Coteau. The combined seven-hundred-man force of Red River hunters and their Ojibway allies was too large for the Sioux to consider another attack. One Métis died. Métis sources claimed eighty Sioux dead.

Defeating such formidable warriors as the Sioux, Morton writes, gave the Métis "mastery of the plains." But thirty-four years later, similar battle strategies could not secure them a victory over the Canadian militia at Batoche. As for the Sioux, in 1876 they would obliterate General Custer and his cavalry at the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

He reported that the hunt leader was keen on a permanent U.S. Army presence in the Red River drainage.

> *I made some inquiries as to their views concerning the establishment of a military post in this vicinity, say at Lake Miniwakan. The suggestion met with their hearty approval, and ... Wilkie assured me that were one located there, the people would remove and settle near it, cultivating sufficient land to keep the post supplied with vegetables and provisions.*

When the White Horse Plain Métis leaders four days later – on their summer hunt, and again separated from their Pembina brethren – invited Stephens to visit, his attitude was different. Acting as an American officer in the presence of a foreign threat, he ordered his command to move camp and not fraternize with the Métis. At his meeting, he was cordial, but indicated he would do no more than transmit to the U.S. government the Métis view that they had a right to hunt south of the border.

After Stevens left the Pembina brigade, his command passed a hill, Butte de Morale, nine kilometres northeast of today's Harvey, North Dakota. "Here occurred an engagement between some half-breeds and Sioux, in which one of the former, by the name of Morale, was killed; hence its name," Stevens noted in his journal entry for July 18, 1853. Somewhere nearby is the unmarked grave of *"l'infortuné Jean Baptiste Mal à terre,"* the scout from White Horse Plain killed in the Battle of the Grand Coteau. The death of the former speaks to the resolute and communal will with which the Métis of the Red River prosecuted their unique contribution to the northern fur trade. The death of the latter speaks to the same resolute will with which some of these same Métis prosecuted another communal purpose, a partnership role in the introduction of American government and opportunity on that country's northern Great Plains.[2]

Michael Sasges is a *Vancouver Sun* reporter and editor.

[2]The retreat of the fur and pemmican trade before the advance of settlement and steam did not spare the Métis of Pembina from the atomization and dissolution of the other Métis communities of Red River. Their nascent partnership with American territorial and national governments was further impaired by flooding in the Pembina region, which made farming difficult and forced them to relocate westward; by statehood status for Minnesota, which placed Pembina west of the new state's border and lost the Métis community its territorial champion; and by the U.S. Senate rejection of treaties Minnesota Territory governor Alexander Ramsey made in 1851 with the Ojibwa of Pembina and Red Lake, which denied Pembina residents and territorial authorities the protective federal government presence they sought.

et cetera

W.L. Morton's portrayal of the Battle of the Grand Coteau is featured in *Historical Essays on the Prairie Provinces* by Donald Swainson (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1970). Another depiction can be found in *Gabriel Dumont* by George Woodcock (Hurtig Publishers, Edmonton, 1975).

1816

Rear Admiral Edward Griffiths must have been amazed. His flagship, *Akbar*, left the tropical warmth of Bermuda about June 1, 1816, to sail to Halifax, the major British naval station in North America. As he left the Gulf Stream, a cold rain fell and a thick fog appeared, which was not that unusual. But the next day, Friday, June 7, as *Akbar* approached Nova Scotia, the temperature fell sharply – and were those snow flurries in the biting wind? Apparently so. Saturday, as the cold ship struggled into Halifax, there was "no improvement in the weather." At least she received the salute from George's Island.

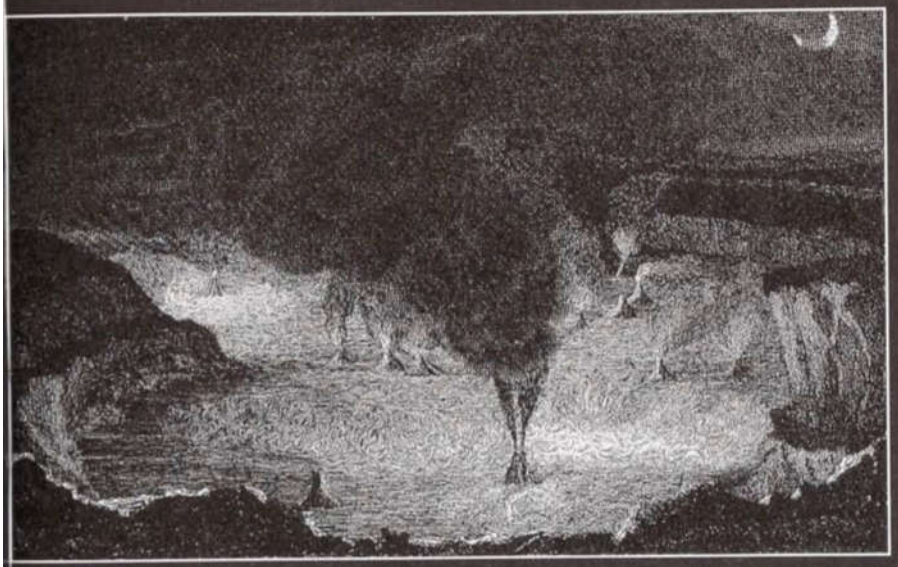
The same day, Lady Katherine, the wife of Nova Scotia's lieutenant governor, Sir John Sherbrooke, witnessed *Akbar* 's arrival from Government House. She reported in her June 7 diary entry that as she walked in the garden with a friend, "It was almost as cold as winter." Also, there had been "a snow." The weather June 8 was no better, but at least there did not seem to be any more of the white stuff. On Sunday, when the Sherbrookes attended St. Paul's Anglican Church, the weather was "rather more favourable," and by the end of June summer had arrived.

The *Acadian Recorder* of June 8 commented on this exceptional weather: "Nothing can be more unpromising than our prospects; perhaps there never was a season so backward, such a succession of unfavourable weather, so scanty a shew

The weather was miserable and cold. And it wasn't the Canadian winter. It was the Canadian *summer*. Nearly seventy years would pass before the reason came to light.

The Year Without Summer

by Peter McGuigan



of vegetation on the beginning of June." There was also intelligence from the United States telling of "deplorable accounts of suffering from want of rain – in many parts the Wheat has perished and the ground has been again ploughed and sown with other seeds." The June 10 edition of the Montreal *Gazette* stated that "the season has been retarded to a later period than remembered by the oldest inhabitant." It continued, "We had a little snow on Saturday, yesterday was more mild and the sun had the influence in the beginning of May, but it was very cold during the night. Serious apprehensions are to be formed of our ensuing crop."

In the meantime, Sir John Sherbrooke had been promoted to governor-in-chief of British North America. The Sherbrookes left Halifax on June 28 aboard HMS *Niger* for Quebec City. Their voyage started with some difficulty due to little wind, but by July 2 they were sailing past Torbay in eastern Nova Scotia. Lady Sherbrooke reported that the morning was "very cold." However, the next day as they passed northwestern Prince Edward Island, there was a fine sailing breeze.

Then, on July 6, the weather began to deteriorate. That day featured "a very hard rain," followed by "a very windy evening." The next day, as the ship crept past Île du Bic in the lower Saint Lawrence River, "the wind became extremely cold and small flakes of snow were mixed with the rain." The situation was similar the next day, so Lady Sherbrooke spent the day in her cabin. Finally, on July 12, when the party reached Quebec City, the weather started to improve. She reported their second day "very hot."

Lady Sherbrooke had experienced the first two cold waves. The first had deposited snow as far south as the northern border of Massachusetts and the second caused a near frost as far south as Virginia. Drought also affected the country at least as far west as the Selkirk settlement in the Red River Valley, where the inhabitants were threatened with starvation. Similar cold gripped Europe, reducing the grape crop and severely damaging the wheat.

Lady Sherbrooke discontinued her diary from August 24 to September 19 when she was touring Upper Canada with her husband. In the meantime, there were two more cold waves, August 21 and August 30. One of her last entries noted that August 21 was "a very cold morning," but did not mention snow. However, neither wave seems to have affected southern Quebec or Nova Scotia much, although in New England they were severe for the corn.

These better local conditions are borne out by the *Acadian Recorder* of September 14, which reported, "Oats of this year's growth made their appearance in our market this morning. They were raised by Mr. Dawson on a farm near the North-West Arm; and are of excellent quality."

However, further north the damage had been done. On July 15, 1816, the Montreal *Gazette* printed the proclamation of Major-General John Wilson, acting administrator

Meanwhile, on the Prairies

For the beleaguered Red River colonists, who were having trouble becoming self-sufficient in a landscape harsh and alien to them, the summer of 1816 turned into the nadir of their New World experience. On June 19, simmering tensions between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company exploded in a battle at Seven Oaks, which saw twenty-one men die and shattered the confidence of the Scottish settlers, who were caught in the hatred between the rival fur-trade companies and were targets of Métis animosity. Now the weather would not cooperate. Since their arrival near the forks of the Red and Assiniboine rivers in 1812, they had had trouble making the most of the region's fertility. The 1812 harvest, for instance, was so poor that they were forced to journey 100 kilometres south to the better-supplied post at Pembina under the friendly guidance of Peguis, chief of the Ojibway. In 1813, they again wintered in Pembina.

In 1816, Peguis came to their rescue once more. This time he took the struggling settlers to his village at Netley Creek, sixty kilometres north of present-day Winnipeg. They were not to know what global conditions were making their sojourn so fraught, but in 1819 HBC trader and Red River surveyor Peter Fidler observed:

Within these last 3 years the climate seems to be greatly changed the summers being so backward with very little rain & even snow in Winter much less than usual and the ground parched up that all kinds of grass is very thin & short & most all the small creeks that flowed with plentiful streams all summer have entirely dried up after the snow melted away in the spring. ... Wheat, Barley, & potatoes have been cultivated here a few years back to a considerable extent last summer a considerable quantity was sown & planted of the kinds above mentioned but owing to the very dryness of the season not even a single stalk was reaped or potatoes taken up and here before when showery summers the wheat would produce above 40 Barley 45 and the potatoes 50 fold. Even all the smaller Kinds of vegatables failed from the same cause but the first week in Augt last clouds of Grasshoppers came & destroyed what little barley especially had escaped the drought.

The world the Selkirk settlers knew was a cooler one than our own. They were living in the Little Ice Age, the interval between the 1450 and 1850 when global temperatures were between 1.0 and 2.0°C cooler than they are now. Within that, the settlers were living in what some climatologists say was a cooling trend between 1809 and 1820. And in the middle of that came the 1815 eruption of Tambora. For settlers living on the edge of existence on the central North American plains, its effects were very nearly the last straw.

Evidence from Hudson Bay region of severe cold in the summer of 1816. Cartoon by A.J.W. Catchpole.

An excerpt from the Fort George journal, September 27 and 28, 1816: "None of the Grass, or anything else has come to perfection this season," it says. "Continued frost and Snow through the whole summer, has been a great disappointment to all kinds of vegetation; Not so much as a berry of any kind is scarcely to be seen, which on more favorable seasons are found here to grow spontaneously in great abundance."

HBCA | B.77/A/3 FO. 3

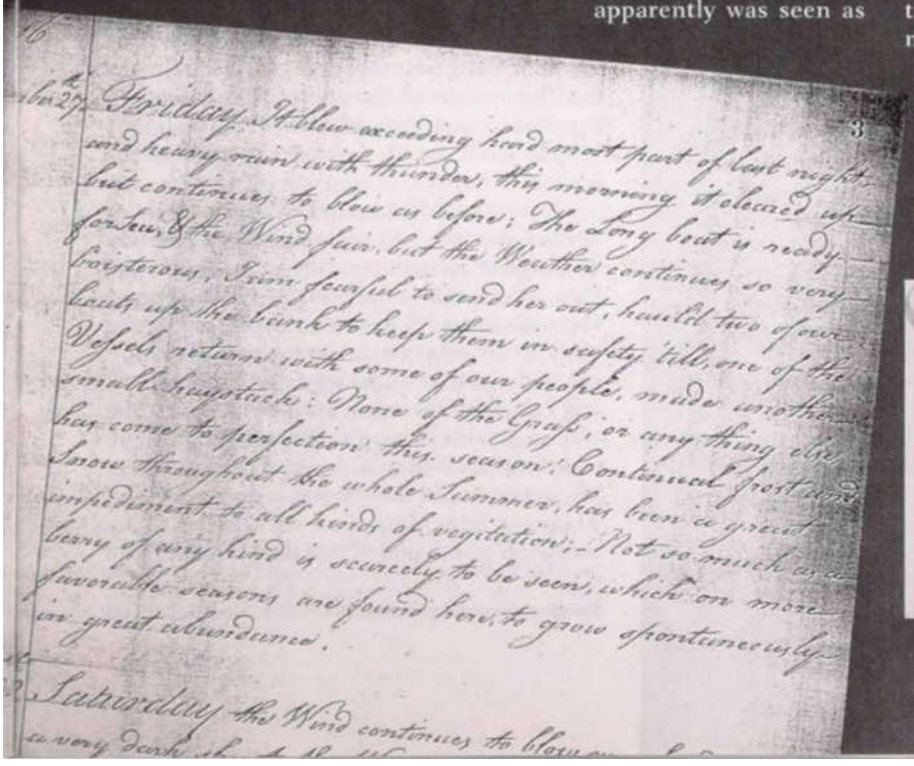
of Lower Canada. It forbade "exportation of Wheat, Flour, Biscuit, Beans, Peas, Barley, and Grain until the 10th day of September next ensuing." In November, Prince Edward Island did the same, prohibiting "the exportation of grain and all sorts of provisions for a space of three months." Nova Scotia and New Brunswick followed suit, and six hundred would-be immigrants were turned away from St. John's, Newfoundland, due to lack of food in the town.

All summer the editor of the *Gazette* worried about the food shortage in Quebec. On July 22, he stated that the recently announced importation of grain, flour, etc., from the United States would "together with the approaching harvest soon relieve the country from the scarcity of bread." Then, on November 4, after exaggerating the prospects of the European harvest, he wrote, "Such abundance abroad will leave most of the grain in our states, except what may find its way to Canada." He doesn't seem to have been aware of the shortage in Connecticut announced in the August 26 *Gazette*.

The situation continued to deteriorate. On November 11, the *Gazette* reported distress in the interior of Quebec and, three weeks later, the crop failure in the "Old Country." In Quebec, "several parishes on the interior are so far in want as to create the most serious alarms. In need of almost immediate assistance, we find a part of the Bay St. Paul, Les Éboulements, St. André, Caconab and Rimouskie [*sic*]." Help seems to have arrived by 1817 when the chief problem appeared to be high prices for grains.

Later the search for causes began. In a 1963 article, the Halifax *Chronicle Herald* referred to talk during the episode of the sun cooling, and fear of no more summer, and God punishing people for deserting their farms for lucrative seaport jobs during the War of 1812.

More realistic was the report of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles. On April 5, 1815, with Napoleon loose again in a very tense Europe, Raffles was in Batavia (Jakarta), Dutch East Indies. He had just driven out the Corsican's appointee when volcanic ash began to fall. Further east the sky became so dark as to be a realization of Milton's "darkness visible." The authorities sent a ship to investigate and learned that the great volcano Tambora was in full and terrifying eruption. Twelve thousand died. Raffles reported to the Natural History Society in Batavia that September, but the eruption apparently was seen as an isolated, although sensational, incident.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Feb 27 Friday It blew exceeding hard most part of last night and heavy rain with thunder, this morning it eleared up but continues to blow as before; The Long boat is ready for sea, & the Wind fair, but the Weather continues so very boisterous, I am fearful to send her out, hauled two of our Vessels return with some of our people, made another small Brigantuck: None of the Crops, or any thing else has come to perfection this season: Continued frosts and Snow throughout the whole Summer, has been a great impediment to all kinds of vegitation:- Not so much as a Tree of any kind is scarcely to be seen, which on more favourable seasons are found here, to grow spontaneously in great abundance.
3
Saturday the Wind continues to blow as

Another volcanic explosion in the Dutch East Indies sixty-seven years later became much better known. In 1883 Krakatoa blew up, its dust causing spectacular sunsets around the world. It was the first such case closely studied, and comparisons began to be made to Tambora. Scientists determined that the explosion of Tambora was ten times Krakatoa's—in fact, the most powerful volcanic eruption in ten thousand years.

If Krakatoa caused a 15 to 20 percent drop in sunlight, could Tambora not have caused a much greater cooling? Apparently so. Then, in 1920, W.J. Humphries of the U.S. Weather Bureau published *Physics of the Air*. He looked at both sunspot and temperature records and concluded that "It appears that the dust in our atmosphere, and not the condition of the sun, is an important, if not the controlling factor in determining the great change in insolation at the surface of the Earth."

Since then much more data have become available, including that from Mount Agung's eruption in 1963. Located near Tambora, this burst was followed by a drop of about 0.2°C in global temperatures, with recovery taking several years. In northern regions the decrease was 0.6°C. With Tambora estimated to have created four times as much dust, the northern regions should have dropped about 2.4°C for up to two years, which is close to nineteenth-century records kept at New Haven, Connecticut and Geneva, Switzerland. Although there are a few other explanations, such as a random combination of meteorological events, the tremendous explosion of Tambora is the most likely source of a year of misery, fear, and near-starvation in the Northern Hemisphere. Given that the 1780–1820 period was already cool, a reduction in sunlight could have been enough to cause the year without a summer.

Peter McGuigan is a Halifax writer.

et cetera

Volcano Weather: The Story of 1816, The Year Without a Summer by Henry Stommel and Elizabeth Stommel. Seven Seas Press, Newport, Rhode Island, 1983.

A web history of the year without summer in eastern Canada and the U.S. may be found at <www.islandnet.com/~see/weather/history/1816.htm>. The effects on Manitoba, including the Red River Colony, may be found at <www.gov.mb.ca/chc/archives/hbca/about/cbc8.html>.

COURTESY ALICE BERRY

Margaret Spaulding moved in society's high circles – and its most radical.

If, in 1929, you turned to the social pages of the Toronto *Telegram* you might have read among the notes about a tea Mrs. H.B. Spaulding gave at her Elm Avenue residence. Spring flowers were a lovely background, the newspaper gushed, reporting that among the feminine parliamentary folk who had gathered at the Spaulding's Rosedale home was Mrs. G.H. Ferguson, wife of the premier of Ontario.

Nineteen years later, if you picked up the *Ukrainian Canadian* you might have seen a picture of Mrs. H.B. Spaulding – now more properly captioned Mrs. Margaret Spaulding – not in the vicinity of the premier's wife, but standing next to the African-American executive secretary of the Civil Rights Congress, a communist-dominated rival to the American Civil Liberties Union. Allowed into Canada, but forbidden to speak by a Canadian government determined to insulate Canadians from "dangerous" left-wingers and their ideas, William Patterson wears a gag symbolically over his mouth in the photograph. Margaret Spaulding, now the chair of the Civil Rights Union, reads out his forbidden speech to the audience.

If you read the papers in those early years of the Cold War, you might have seen mention of Margaret Spaulding – a dynamic force in the fight for freedom of speech and association – championing civil liberties causes, protesting government violations, hobnobbing with radical trade unionists, mixing with communists, and critiquing the capitalist system. And while you might think that the Depression and the war must have led to a change in her station in life, you would be wrong. All the while, Margaret Spaulding lived in Rosedale. She remained to the end of her days a member of

Margaret (Hanna) Spaulding, 1897–1958.

The Rosedale Red

by Ross Lambertson

ASK OTTAWA LAUNCH PROBE INTO VIOLATION OF LIBERTIES
POPE ACKNOWLEDGES NOTE OF CONDOLENCE
ASKS DEATH PENALTY FOR 10 IN NAZI GANG
Freedom Is Your Affair!
Civil Rights Rally
SPEAKERS:
SENATOR ARTHUR W. ROEBUCK, K.C.
LESLIE ROBERTS, Author of "We Must Be Free," Montreal Civil Liberties Association
GEORGE BURT, Regional Director, UAW-CIO, Executive Member, Canadian Congress of Labour
RABBI A. L. FEINBERG, Holy Blossom Temple
ANDREW BREWIN, Toronto Civil Liberties Association
MON., JAN. 27 JARVIS ST. COLLEGIATE 8:15 P.M.
SPONSORED BY CIVIL RIGHTS UNION AND TORONTO CIVIL LIBERTIES ASSOCIATION

Mrs. M. H. Spaulding, president of Canadian Civil Rights Union, looks over written speech of Wm. M. Patterson, who wears gag as symbol of the official gag put on him by Immigration authorities.

Toronto's upper class, a child of privilege who enjoyed her luxuries, including a daily glass of sherry, the before-supper martini, and the evening glass of whisky, all brought to her by her live-in housekeeper. She never needed to shop for or prepare her own meals. Years later, peace activist Dr. Helen Caldicott would tell lobbyists to wear their pearls – appearances count in bourgeois society. Margaret, of course, knew how to wear her pearls.

At first glance, Margaret's family setting seems an unlikely breeding ground for revolutionaries. Born in Sarnia, Ontario, on April 13, 1897, she was the daughter of William John Hanna and his second wife, Maude.[1] She was a middle child, with an older half-brother, Neil, and a younger sister, Katherine. The Hannas were one of Sarnia's preeminent families. W.J. was not only wealthy, but also politically powerful. A solicitor for the Imperial Oil Company, as well as a prominent member of the Conservative Party, he was elected to the Ontario legislature in 1902, and for many years held the portfolio of provincial secretary in the cabinet. In 1917, the Borden government in Ottawa appointed him food controller of Canada, and he became responsible for the supervision of food production, rationing, and distribution across Canada. In early 1918 he retired from politics to become the president of Imperial Oil.

Yet her background likely also contained the seeds of her later social activism. Despite his political and corporate credentials, W.J. seems to have been more of a red Tory progressive than a rock-ribbed reactionary. As a politician, he was interested in public housing and other socially progressive causes. As president of Imperial Oil, he set up an employee pension plan as well as a system of joint councils for employees and management to exchange views, solve problems, and work together for the common good. Margaret's mother, by all accounts, was a warm and generous woman, active in local charities.

Margaret's early years seem to have prepared her for little more than marriage, child-

[1] Maude MacAdams Spaulding's sister, World War I nurse and member of the Alberta Legislature Roberta MacAdams, was profiled in the December 2002 / January 2003 edition of the *Beaver*.

rearing, and the running of a wealthy household. After her elementary education, she studied household science at McDonald Hall in Guelph. In 1915 she entered the University of Toronto, but left two years later to work as a "massage sister" for the Military Hospitals Commission. A year later, she was made head masseuse. She was discharged at war's end in August 1918.

During the next year, three events profoundly affected Margaret's life. First, she rushed precipitously into a shotgun marriage with a young lawyer, Harrison Bray Spaulding. They moved to New York to mask the actual birth date of their first child. Next was the unexpected death, only nine days after the Armistice, of her half-brother, Neil, of whom she had been very fond. On March 20, 1919, tragedy struck once again. Distraught by the death of his son and straining under the heavy workload of recent years, W.J. Hanna suffered a stroke and died. Although W.J., a hardworking and controlling parent, had not always been close to his children, Margaret had idealized him, and was deeply hurt by his death. She now saw herself as inheriting the family mantle – the person to carry on the Hanna tradition of hard work, leadership, and success.

A few years later Margaret and her husband returned to Canada and set up house in Rosedale, Toronto. During this period, whenever Margaret's name appeared in the Toronto press, it was to announce the births of her children or to report on her social activities. But by the late 1920s, a life of domesticity and respectability was proving an insufficient outlet for a woman, who, like her father, craved public success and recognition. Married to a successful lawyer, and independently wealthy since her father's death, she was able to afford nannies and boarding schools for her children. Free to develop her potential, she took a trip to Europe, which included a jaunt through the Soviet Union. Here may have been the beginning of her radicalism. Most visitors to the USSR were given the traditional Potemkin village tour, carefully designed to persuade tourists that the revolution was an unalloyed success. If Margaret was bamboozled into believing that Soviet-style communism was viable, she was in good company. Many people returned from the USSR convinced that they had seen a humanistic system in the process of creation. In the early 1930s, the contrast between the depressing reality of Canada and the cosmeticized view of the Soviet Union grew even stronger. Many thoughtful Canadians were disillusioned with capitalism's impotence in the face of widespread unemployment and poverty.

Margaret paid a high price for her commitment. Many of her Rosedale neighbours, and even some of her Sarnia friends, were appalled at her political activities, and frequently made their criticisms known to her, sometimes even cutting her out of the social circle.

Margaret also returned to university, at a time when higher education was not an option for most women, especially those in their thirties with children. A good student, she won a scholarship in psychology. Here, too, she cultivated her left-wing perspective – she loved to discuss theory. When she graduated in 1932 with her Bachelor of Arts degree, the social pages of the *Globe* carried a picture of her flanked on either side by her mother and daughter.

What Harry Spaulding thought of his wife's university studies is unrecorded, but in this period they separated and divorced – then an expensive and stigmatizing process. In doing so, Margaret defied convention and positioned herself on the fringes of polite society. Like her far more famous contemporary, Wallis Simpson, she was marked irrevocably as a "divorced woman."

Yet her first steps as a single woman were anything but controversial. She volunteered at Rosedale's Anglican Church of St. Simon's, joined the boards of St. John's Convalescent Hospital and the Toronto Mental Health League, and served as chair of the Division of Old Age of the Board of Toronto Welfare Council. She also joined the executive of the Citizen's Housing Association, and worked with the Toronto Branch of the Community Planning Association. From 1941 to 1942, she was president of the University of Toronto Women's Club (where, according to family recollection, she ensured that her friend Margaret Gould, a left-wing journalist, became its first Jewish member). In 1946, in recognition of her wartime community service, which included family welfare work at Camp Borden, she was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire.

At some point during the Second World War, however, Margaret began to break away from the apolitical volunteerism traditionally open to women of her class, and by 1943 she was an executive member of the National Council for Canadian-Soviet Friendship. While relatively respectable during the war (the USSR was an ally and the press had transformed Stalin into a benign "Uncle Joe"), many NCCSF activists long believed that communism was the answer to the world's social problems. As soon as the war was over, moderate liberals dropped out of the ranks, but Margaret Spauld-

ing and other more radical activists retained their faith in the Russian system and their support for the NCCSF, even in the later 1940s and early 1950s when the increasing Cold War freeze meant that the Soviet Union was Canada's unofficial enemy.

Margaret achieved far more fame (or notoriety), however, for her civil libertarian work. During World War II, the Canadian government used the powers of the War Measures Act to place draconian limits on traditional freedoms, including free speech and free association. Japanese Canadians were in-terned, and the Communist Party and the Jehovah's Witnesses, among others, were outlawed. In reaction, a number of civil liberties organizations formed. Margaret joined the Civil Liberties Association of Toronto (CLAT), and in 1944 served as one of its vice-presidents. Membership in this body was not for the faint of heart; years later one of its past members, J.M. Macdonnell (an executive with the National Trust company and a Tory MP) recalled that those who joined CLAT were generally seen as eccentric and sometimes dangerous. Although dominated by "respectable" liberals and social democrats (including novelist Morley Callaghan, philosopher George Grant, and politician Agnes Macphail), the organization contained a number of well-known radical left-wingers.

In the spring of 1946, Margaret threw her lot in with the CLAT radicals. In the wake of Soviet cipher clerk Igor Gouzenko's revelations about a Soviet espionage network, Ottawa detained and held incommunicado a number of suspected spies, at first denying them contact with their lawyers or families. They were interrogated by the RCMP, and then in camera by a Royal Commission consisting of two Supreme Court Justices. Canadian civil libertarians were shocked—citizens were being denied several fundamental rights, including the right to habeas corpus. Although the government acted legally, its policies were based on an order-in-council issued in secret while the War Measures Act was still in effect. All was regarded as a flagrant attack on our "traditional British liberties."

Instead of visible outrage and confrontation, CLAT chose discretion, deciding against a public stand, limiting itself to a single letter of protest sent privately to Prime Minister Mackenzie King. If this was civil libertarianism, it was a rather pusillanimous version of the creed.

Believing the situation called for vigorous public reaction, Margaret Spaulding and other CLAT members formed the Emergency Committee for Civil Rights. It soon raised over $9,000 for an office and secretary, prepared a detailed analysis of the Gouzenko affair rights violations, lobbied Ottawa, and mailed fifteen thousand pieces of protest literature. Margaret was elected chair, and kept the position when the group reestablished itself as the Civil Rights Union (CRU) in the fall of 1946.

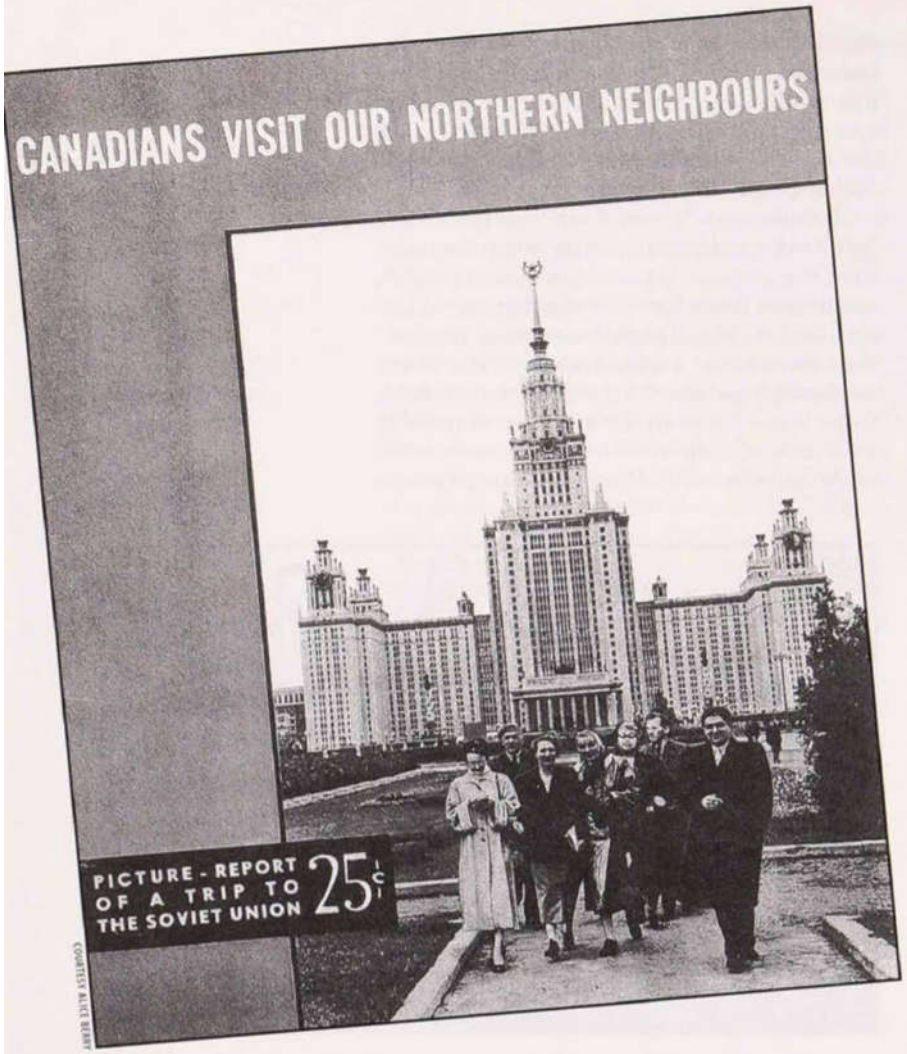
Committed "to set forth the basic civil rights of Canadians; to protect every Canadian from the arbitrary suspension of these rights; and to raise funds for the above purpose and for legal and technical assistance where needed," the CRU was not explicitly radical. But in the increasingly polarized frigidity of the emerging Cold War, it was an early victim of guilt by association—many of its members, such as the trade unionist C.S. Jackson, the physicist Leopold Infeld, and the political scientist C.B. Macpherson, were considered to be far too critical of capitalism and much too supportive of the Soviet Union. In addition, many of the ECCR/CRU members were also members of the National Council for Canadian-Soviet Friendship. As a result, the authorities viewed the CRU as a "Communist front," and as the Cold War developed it was increasingly shunned by most other civil liberties groups.

COURTESY ANNE BERRY

Margaret Spaulding and family, December 1952.

Margaret remained connected with the left-wing civil libertarian movement for some years. But she paid a high price for her commitment. Many of her Rosedale neighbours, and even some of her Sarnia friends, were appalled at her political activities, and frequently made their criticisms known to her, sometimes even cutting her out of the social circle. Margaret was more than once deeply wounded by their reactions. Sometimes the antipathy spilled over into her children's lives as she became increasingly notorious as the "red" matron of Rosedale.

But she persevered with her beliefs and



COURTESY ALICE BERRY

For public and private reasons, Margaret visited the Soviet Union for the second and last time in 1953, this time with members of the Canadian-Soviet Friendship Committee, shown here with Moscow State University in the background. She wanted to study social conditions in the USSR, and she reported favorably on Soviet public health and town planning in a CSFC pamphlet on her return. But she also sought some innovative treatment for her cancer from Soviet doctors. This, however, proved unrewarding.

pursued her political activities. She was from a relatively progressive family, used to volunteer work, and had both an inquiring mind and little use for the conventional wisdom of her peers. Under her leadership, the CRU continued to denounce Ottawa's Gouzenko policies, but it also took up other civil liberties causes, opposing such policies as the treatment of Japanese Canadians, discrimination against blacks, the persecution of Jehovah's Witnesses, and Maurice Duplessis's infamous anticommunist "padlock law." In addition, the CRU called for a national bill of rights and championed causes that the less radical civil liberties groups either glossed over or eschewed – the treatment of the communist-dominated Canadian Seamen's Union, the sedition trials of radical unionists in Quebec, the refusal to rent school halls for Labor Progressive Party[2] public meetings in Toronto, and loyalty testing in the federal public service.

By 1950, seeing that reconciliation between the CRU and the more liberal civil liberties groups scattered across Canada was impossible, Margaret helped to convene a national meeting of the CRU with two other radical civil rights groups, forming Canada's first real national network of civil liberties organizations, the League for Democratic Rights (LDR). Once again she emerged as a leader, this time as cochair, sharing her position with Edmond Major, a radical trade unionist who was president of the allegedly communist-dominated Montreal Civil Liberties Union.

During the Cold War, radical-left organizations had trouble winning friends, and the LDR's impact on government policy was probably marginal. Nevertheless, under Margaret's cochair leadership, the LDR initially flourished. Within a few years it boasted branches, committees, or affiliates in thirty-one centres across the country. Making speeches and meeting politicians was no chore for her: As a politician's daughter, a prominent lawyer's wife, and a leading hostess in high society, she had developed the skills invaluable in organizing and lobbying.

For a while Margaret continued to lead both the LDR and the CRU, precariously balancing her two roles – a member of the social elite and a leader of the radical civil-libertarian left. In June 1951 a CRU newsletter contained the following notice, sandwiched in between references to the need for a bill of rights, the refusal of a Hamilton barbershop to cut pianist Oscar Peterson's hair, and the harassment of Canadian peace activist James Endicott:

> *If you've passed through Rosedale in the last few months, you'll have noticed an extra-special modern house tucked in among the spacious mansions. It is the kind of place you've seen in magazines and read about in articles. The kind of house that is built to fit the personality of the individual who is to live in it.*
>
> *That house is the new home of the National co-chairman of the League for Democratic Rights, Mrs. Margaret Spaulding. And because Mrs. Spaulding's main concern is the fight for civil rights ... she is inviting all the members and supporters of the Civil Rights Union to visit on Saturday afternoon or evening, June 16th.*
>
> *Plan to drop in ... We can promise you a cup of tea, a chance to meet a charming hostess in a charming house, and the chance to make a contribution to the work of the CRU.*

[2]Banned during World War II, the Communist Party of Canada reemerged as the Labor Progressive Party. The name was used until the late 1950s.

Margaret's leading role in the two organizations did not last much longer. By 1952, she was still a member of the LDR executive, but not one of its cochairs. By 1953, record of her continued involvement in civil liberties issues seems to end. It was at about this time that she was diagnosed with cancer, which may account for her withdrawal from the battlefield.

Her last major effort was an overseas trip. In 1953, wishing to learn more about the USSR and hoping to find some innovative treatment for her cancer, she travelled to the Soviet Union with other members of the Canadian-Soviet Friendship Committee. Margaret was again impressed by social conditions in Russia, and she reported favourably on Soviet public health and town planning in a CSFC pamphlet written on her return to Canada. However, the Soviet doctors were unable to treat her cancer. During the next few years she became, once more, a private person, spending more time with her children, in-laws, and grandchildren. Finally, on June 9, 1958, the cancer claimed her life.

What labels should we attach to Margaret Spaulding, looking back at her life? She was a member of Toronto's upper class, but she remained an uncompromising critic of capitalism. She never admitted to being a member of the Communist Party, but she was commonly seen by the public and the RCMP as at least a fellow traveller. Perhaps it is more accurate to see her as a strong-willed critic of liberal democracy who refused to be swayed by anti-Soviet propaganda, even when (as we can see in retrospect) it was frequently accurate. David Kashtan, a Communist Party activist who worked with the LDR, remembers her as a radical liberal and a person exemplifying the best qualities of Christianity. One of her daughters-in-law, Alice, has described her as a social democrat rather than a communist, passionate about fairness and concerned about the plight of the common worker (but because of her privileged background not always able to identify except at an abstract level).

She was also somewhat of a contrary person who enjoyed the challenge of being opposed to whatever was the conventional wisdom. One family story has it that when asked if she would join the Communists should they ever come to power in Canada, she replied by saying that if this were to happen she would probably become a supporter of capitalism.

Sometimes Margaret's willingness to swim against the stream could lead her to impetuosity. At one point she contemplated converting to Judaism in protest against the anti-Semitism then prevalent. She enthusiastically shared this plan with her good friend, the human-rights activist Rabbi Abraham Feinberg. He responded by asking, "Margaret, do you believe in God?" When she replied that she did not, he gently suggested that this might be a serious impediment to her conversion.

Margaret Spaulding might be called a feminist, although she never applied this label to herself. She certainly strove to be liberated herself – divorcing her husband and attending university when most women were content with much less. Another daughter-in-law, Mary, has stressed that Margaret saw women as the equals of men and strongly encouraged her daughters and daughters-in-law to strive for successful careers. Indeed, Margaret seems to have been a somewhat reluctant mother and an even more reluctant grandmother; her identity was wrapped up in her causes, not her family.

Like many women attempting to break out of the traditional mould, Margaret Spaulding had difficulty balancing her emotional side with her drive for personal success. By all accounts she had a large ego, and could be at times domineering. She seems to have been more dynamic than warm, a chip off the paternal block rather than a replica of her mother.

Perhaps the terms that come to mind most clearly in describing Margaret are "unconventional," "strong minded," and "courageous." It is easy to forget that widespread support for human rights is a fairly recent phenomenon, and many Canadians do not know that racism and anti-Semitism were widely accepted in respectable Canadian society until very recently. Margaret Spaulding was passionate in her dislike of such bigotry, and she opened the doors of her home to people of any colour and religion. It is also easy to forget how frequently, during the peak of Cold War tensions in Canada, many people were intimidated into silence by those who labelled almost any form of human rights activity "communistic." Valuing both equality and liberty, Margaret refused to compromise her principles.

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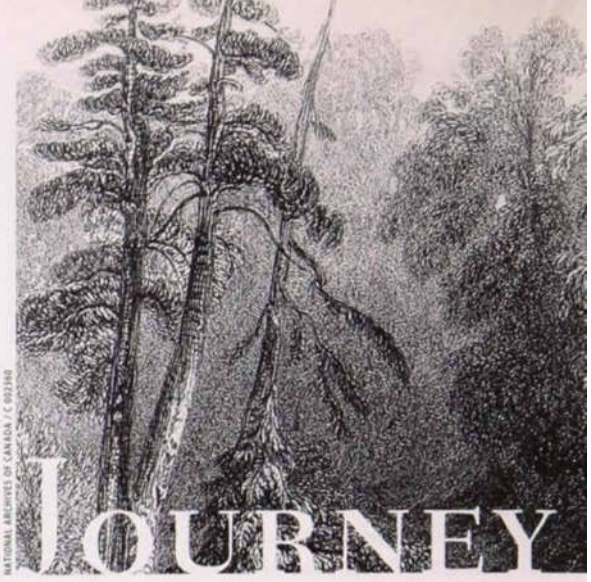
Ross Lambertson teaches political science and history at Camosun College in Victoria, B.C.



JOURNEY

Canada's destiny was written in silver by her rivers. Against the green tapestry of her forests travellers explored the waterways. The early explorers of the pays d'en haut, *later aptly named Upper Canada, understood their quest. Their maps spoke in terms of physical geography, but sometimes they spoke of fantastic landscapes and obstacles. Through Nicolas de Vignau's imaginary journal, based on archival accounts, we try to see the* pays d'en haut *as he saw it.*

by Adrienne Leduc

Ville Marie, 27 May 1613 I, Nicolas de Vignau, soon realized that Samuel de Champlain was not familiar with the various aboriginal tongues spoken in this country. During his journey to New France in 1610, he decided to leave a young French boy, Louis, with the Algonquins to learn their language. In exchange he asked for a young Huron, baptized Savignon, to go with him to France. The following year, 1611, I accompanied Champlain and Savignon when they returned to Quebec. That summer young Louis drowned at one of the Fleuve St-Laurent[1] cataracts. Champlain promptly named the nearby lake Lac St-Louis. That year, again, there was talk about the rivers that empty into a great sea. However, the Algonquins made exploration difficult because they wanted France to provide military support in their conflict with the Iroquois.

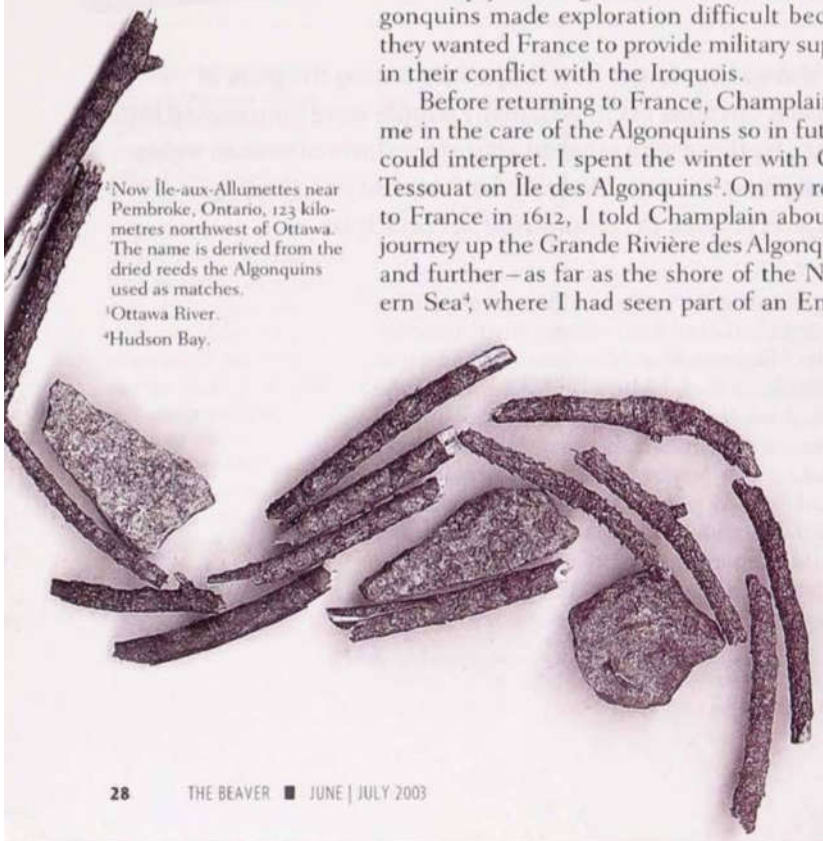
Before returning to France, Champlain left me in the care of the Algonquins so in future I could interpret. I spent the winter with Chief Tessouat on Île des Algonquins[2]. On my return to France in 1612, I told Champlain about my journey up the Grande Rivière des Algonquins[3] and further – as far as the shore of the Northern Sea[4], where I had seen part of an English shipwreck. Champlain knew about Henry Hudson's voyage and the speculations that the Northern Sea could provide a passage to the Orient.

When the French court instructed Champlain to undertake a voyage up the Grande Rivière des Algonquins, I swore under oath before two notaries that I had seen the Northern Sea and was planning to take Champlain along the same route.

Now we are on our way. Early this morning Champlain and four young French interpreters, including myself, left Ville Marie for the *pays d'en haut*. Our Algonquin guide explains that soon we will be travelling toward the Kichesippi, called Grande Rivière des Algonquins by the French. We are well aware that in order to achieve our goal we need the support of the Algonquins.

Our three-man canoes are both laden with provisions, the load evenly distributed on two poles at the bottom of the craft. We carry a kettle, knives, and trinkets to barter. Also tobacco and some brandy. Sheets of birchbark and black lead called plumbago to be used for

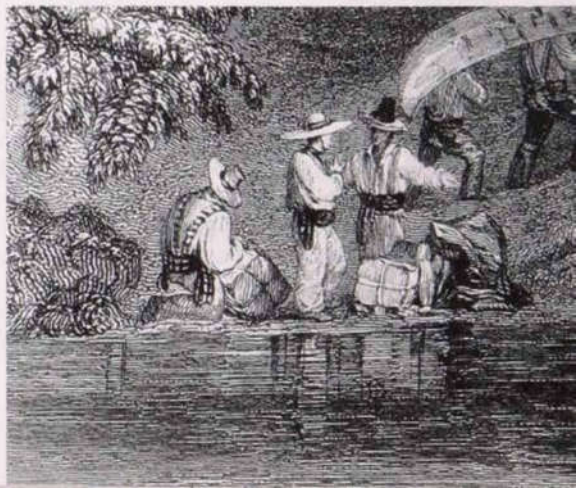
[1] The rapids on the St. Lawrence River at Lachine, near Montreal.

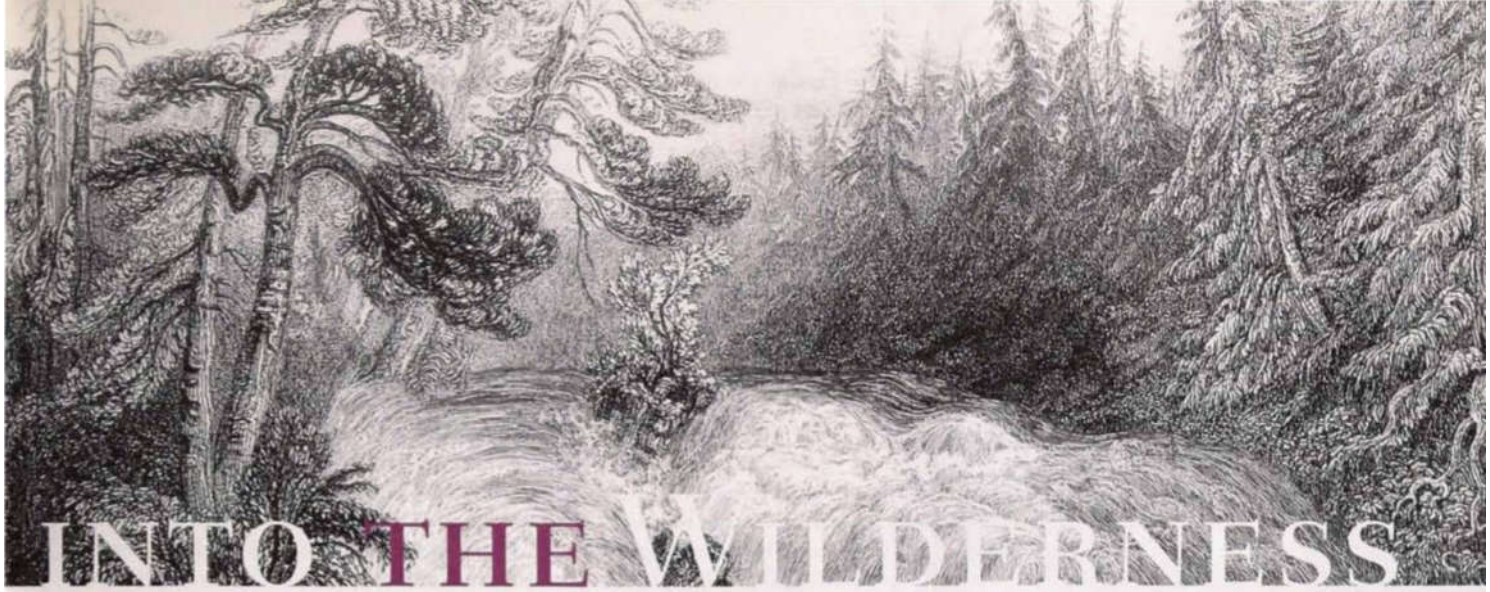


[2] Now Île-aux-Allumettes near Pembroke, Ontario, 123 kilometres northwest of Ottawa. The name is derived from the dried reeds the Algonquins used as matches.

[3] Ottawa River.

[4] Hudson Bay.





INTO THE WILDERNESS

sketching are fitted between containers holding dried food. I carry my parchment and graphite. At hand we have our arquebuses[5] and powder, also large sponges to bail out water. Barefoot we kneel in the slender, graceful, but fragile craft. Usually I sit in the bow with the longest paddle; my companion, Thomas, sits in the stern and steers. Champlain kneels in the centre. The other canoe, led by our guide, holds our French youths.

We progress more than a league[6] when we encounter a cataract. Since bad weather prevents us from going further, we set up camp. We spread a circle of twine trimmed with little bells as a barrier around the campsite, and hope to discourage animals from approaching. By the warming fire I make a rough sketch of the day's journey. The sky is dark when I finally roll into my blanket.

28 May 1613 We are forced to jump into the water and drag the canoes for at least two leagues against the current, until we arrive at Lac St-Louis, estimated to be two leagues wide. We set up camp. Our guide places small stones and pieces of wood on the ground to indicate the course of the river we will ascend tomorrow.

29 May Late afternoon we reach the Grande Rivière and negotiate a rapid, towing our canoes. Again we make camp, rest our tired shoulders against the cargo, and light our pipes. With interest we watch our guide draw lines in the sand with a stick to explain what lies ahead.

30 May We paddle across a lake near two mountains covered with pine trees. Because it is very difficult to carry all these scenes in my mind until a suitable time arrives to mark them down, I sketch the place. I am moved by the tranquility of the sparkling blue water, so different from the violent river. We all agree to call it Lac des Deux-Montagnes. Some seven leagues further we approach a rapid and have to unload most of our belongings to pull the canoes through on a rope. The water pours in tormented fury down the long, narrow passage. We try to stay close to the shore. To avoid eddies and a shoal, great dexterity is needed to pass these rapids, which I estimate to be at

[5] A portable matchlock gun.

[6] About 4.8 kilometres.

Portage des Chats, 1842, by William Henry Bartlett. ■ Champlain and his party – and voyageurs for two centuries afterward – had to portage around Chats Falls, a series of spills and granite outcroppings on the Ottawa River near present-day Arnprior.

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least a league in length. Our guide manifests his great skill, seeking byways and safe places, which he recognizes at a glance.

31 May We tackle another strenuous stretch today as we paddle and pole our canoes. Then, for a distance of about a half-league we are able to portage – over slippery rocks, with no other limits than our guide's powers of body and will. When the denseness of the woods prevents us from continuing, we again tackle the swiftness of the river. The current tumbles with great noise, producing white foam all around – the water below is not even visible. Champlain is tracking his canoe when it turns broadside into a whirlpool, leaving him with the rope twisted around his hand. He falls. Luckily he is wedged between two rocks, preventing the canoe from dragging him along. Then, suddenly the canoe is released from the whirlpool's grip, and he can pull the craft back towards him. We thank God for saving us.

Along the broad westward sweep of the stream we come upon more rapids. It is necessary to unload our canoes three times during a five-league stretch. This proves to be the most formidable of the barriers we have tackled along the course of this brawling river. Champlain calls it the Long Sault. We camp on an island and the barren Laurentian hills look very sombre to us. We are tired but revive when fifteen canoes with Algonquins arrive. They are en route to trade their furs at the Fleuve St-Laurent. Champlain obtains a second guide from them in exchange for one of our youths. Now we have two Algonquin steersmen and it is decided that I shall continue this voyage in the other canoe.

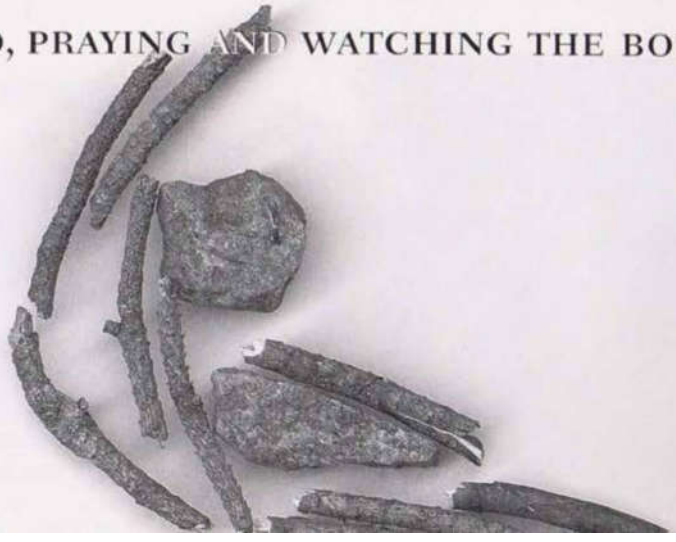
1 June We follow the river's western curve and cover almost eighteen leagues. On our left we pass a river spewing its waters over perpendicular rocks, estimated to be more than twenty fathoms[7] high. From its ridge we see a magnificent waterfall forming an archway, probably 100 fathoms wide. Like our guides, I run below it for sheer enjoyment – not a drop falls on us except the spray. Since the water descends like a curtain, we all agree that this place should be called a Rideau! Over very steep rocks, difficult to access, the canoes are lifted empty around the waterfall. Our guides carry the craft as we portage for some distance along bush trail and up a crevice cliff. The portage is about a quarter-league. I now realize that this journey brings me to familiar surroundings, but I am seeing these places with new eyes.

2 June Once again it is time to establish our course. Champlain uses his astrolabe and my friend Thomas checks his compass – a lodestone resting in a water-filled dish. I use my cross-staff. We spread a strip of birchbark[8] over an upturned canoe and sketch the landscape features. While I add the landmarks noted in my journal, Thomas recalls other interesting points. We seek to sketch every area, realizing that it is not indisputably discovered until it has been sketched, so it can be reached again.

Our guides are able to explain these waterways well, and I translate their reports into our characteristic expressions. Tomorrow I will compare everyone's findings with the landmarks noted in my journal. With the assistance of our Algonquins, we will paddle onward, to discover this vast unknown, unimaginable, and endless void – stroke by stroke.

3 June We progress for nearly two leagues when we hear the sound of another waterfall, still some distance away. The Algonquins call it Asticou – a boiling kettle. When we finally arrive, everyone is aghast seeing the relentless waters coming down and making circular waves at the bottom. The centre bubbles like a brew. It is a thrilling experience, this journey into the wilds. It answers every desire of my daring spirit. Foaming white water dashes, swirls, and seethes its way over and around great rocks in the bed of the river. The roaring challenge delights me. With our Algonquin guides we carry

I SIT A WHILE KNUCKLED, PRAYING AND WATCHING THE BOULDERS THAT



the canoes to the foot of the falls and eagerly contribute our bit of tobacco to that collected on a wooden plate. Lighthearted, we dance with them as they circle the plate and sing their songs. Finally we all join in a wild whoop and the tobacco is thrown into the midst of the tumbling waters. For many years the Algonquins have been making offerings to this waterfall. They believe that if they do not pay tribute, misfortune will surely come to pass. Our journey up river is resumed in full confidence that it will be made in safety. I do not call this place Asticou, but rather the French version – La Chaudière. We do not use the labels of the Algonquins.

This region is a huge, ancient wilderness. Stately pines mingle with spruce, tamarack, birch, and maple. Along the north shore, right beside the foot of La Chaudière, a long steep-sided limestone gorge branches off and allows us close access. Everyone helps to haul up the canoes. We portage so close to the falls that the crosswind carries its spray and drenches us.

Our canoes shoot forward and soon the steady roar of yet more rapids increases and we swing towards the bank, preparing to portage again. I measure my steps and calculate some seven hundred paces[9] before we look down on a smaller version of a boiling kettle – seemingly La Petite Chaudière.

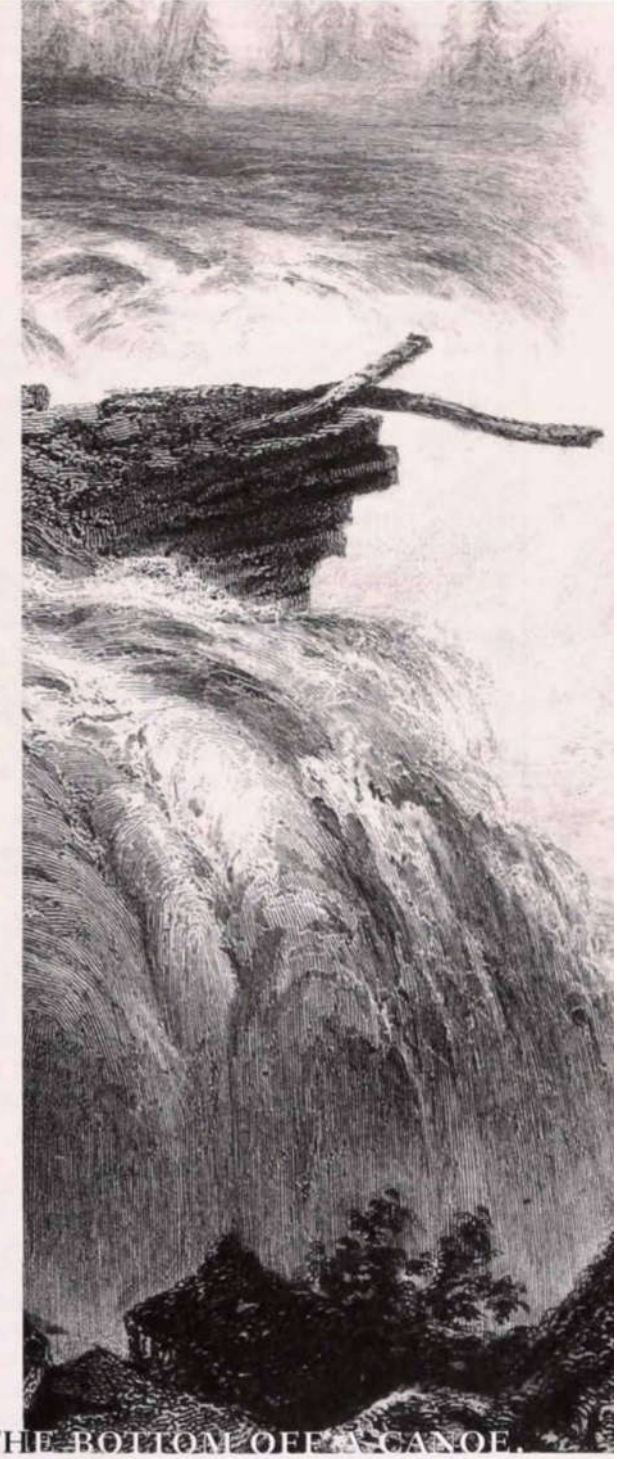
4 June It is raining but Champlain insists on taking a dead reckoning before we launch the canoes. He reasons that we are following a curve in the river and are continuing in a more southward direction.

After paddling across a small bay we beach and prepare to pole up another set of rapids. Our guides indicate with gestures that this is possible only because the stream here is shallow and the volume of the rapids will not swamp the canoes. As the steersmen stand up in their canoe to use their poles, I realize that their method calls for great mastery of balance. I sit white-knuckled holding on to the gunwale, praying, and watching the boulders that look harm-

[8]The bark is divided in two main layers, an outer phloem and inner sapwood, with a thin cambium layer between. When removed in the spring the birch bark's inner surface, referred to as the cambium side, is coated with a deep yellow-to-red-coloured deposit and is quite soft. Lines are sketched with a bone or stylus, producing a deep, soft-edged impression. The contrast sharpens with age and is preserved.

[9]One pace equals 1.5 metres.

[7]One fathom equals approximately 1.8 metres.



LOOK HARMLESS, BUT STILL COULD RIP THE BOTTOM OFF A CANOE.

The Chaudière near Bytown, 1840, by William Henry Bartlett. ■ Today Chaudière Falls, which lie between Ottawa and Hull, have been diminished by damming on the Ottawa River. But they were once one of the most turbulent waterfalls on the route, as the name *chaudière* (boiler or kettle) suggests. Portaging was the only way around.

less, but still could rip the bottom off a canoe.

For more than two leagues we follow the river's northerly direction. Only by ascending the river and battling the strong current as it swirls, rumbles, and carves its way through the old rocks, can I fully appreciate the strength of the Grande Rivière. Eventually we succumb, unload our canoes, and proceed to tow. The nearby forest of majestic oak trees inspires me to call these turbulent waters Rapides Deschênes – the rapids of the oaks.

For the next five leagues we are borne along quietly to the sound of dipping paddles as we traverse Lac Deschênes. We camp along the bank and start a fire. Soon our water-filled cooking kettle is ready to receive the daily ration of cornmeal. Satisfied, we lie back and examine our view of the local landscape – where rivers are wider, forests are bigger, and even the moon looks larger.

5 June This morning the water shines like melted silver in the slanting rays of the sun. The wind moves easily through the tops of the trees. On the nearby shore a beaver sits totally unconcerned. I can see its dark eyes blinking and realize that there is a great difference between holding a glossy pelt or looking into the eyes of the creature wearing it.

At the end of Lac Deschênes a ridge of sharp rocks, approximately ten fathoms high, blocks our progress. Here the river finds its way – in serpentine channels – through the rocks. Our guides pull the canoes up, one by one grabbing and hanging onto the branches along the shore, while the waterfall roars below them. The rest of us portage. My companions suggest we call these rapids *Des Chats* because the sharp rocks have scratched our canoes. We stop to make repairs.

After paddling another short distance our guides head for the shore. They insist on bypassing a difficult, in their opinion, stretch of the Grande Rivière. If we take this alternate route, we will arrive at the Algonquin settlement. I become suspicious and suggest we keep on the Grande Rivière. I travelled this section previously without the problems our guides imply. I want to accompany Champlain to the Northern Sea without interference from Chief Tessouat. I have learned that the chief, because of the strategic location of his tribe, has considerable influence in controlling the flow of traffic and that he imposes upon the native traders a sizable toll.

Still, our guides insist that by avoiding the large bend in the Grande Rivière we would save half the time in paddling. Champlain decides to follow the Algonquins' suggestions. We climb the hill to the west of us.

6 June We portage in a northwesterly direction, along four small ponds, while constantly under attack from mosquitoes and black flies. Carrying our arquebuses, paddles, clothing, and numerous other items, we struggle through a tangle of fallen pines that has been burned to clear the land for agriculture. Champlain loses his astrolabe. He is very upset.

We arrive at a long narrow lake I measure to be about six leagues – it is crowded with muskrats.

7 June We are nearing Île des Algonquins. Here rapids from both directions form a real stronghold, preventing the incursions of enemy and friend.

8 June We are well received by Chief Tessouat. Champlain has already promised to return next year with military support to aid the Algonquins in their war with the Iroquois. Champlain asks Tessouat for four canoes and eight guides, so we will be able to continue to the Nebicerini (Nipissings) who reside some six days from here. He tells the chief that he wants to invite this tribe to join in the military plans against the Iroquois.

Chief Tessouat listens with great attention and eventually replies that he is grateful for Champlain's offer of military help. Reluctantly he agrees to supply the four canoes, pointing out that he dislikes the idea of Champlain undertaking such a journey. The Nebicerini, Tessouat states, are sorcerers and have poisoned and killed many of his people. He is afraid that we will not survive such a journey. The atmosphere becomes tense when Champlain, who desires to see the Northern Sea, answers that our God will protect us. The chief does not reply, and Champlain leaves the wigwam.

Shortly after, Thomas, who is familiar with the local language, comes to tell us that the Algonquins have discussed the situation at length. They will not let us have the canoes and no one is willing to be our guide.

Once more Champlain approaches the chief and his council with talk of friendship and trade, requesting no longer four, but only two, canoes and four guides. This, too, is rejected. Champlain responds that they are not real friends. Pointing in my direction, he states that I have made the journey to the Nebicerini and never encountered any of the difficulties of which they speak.

Tessouat turns to me and speaks, "Is it true that you have been among the Nebicerini?"

I reply in my best Algonquin tongue. "Yes, I have been there."

Suddenly, Chief Tessouat calls me a liar, and

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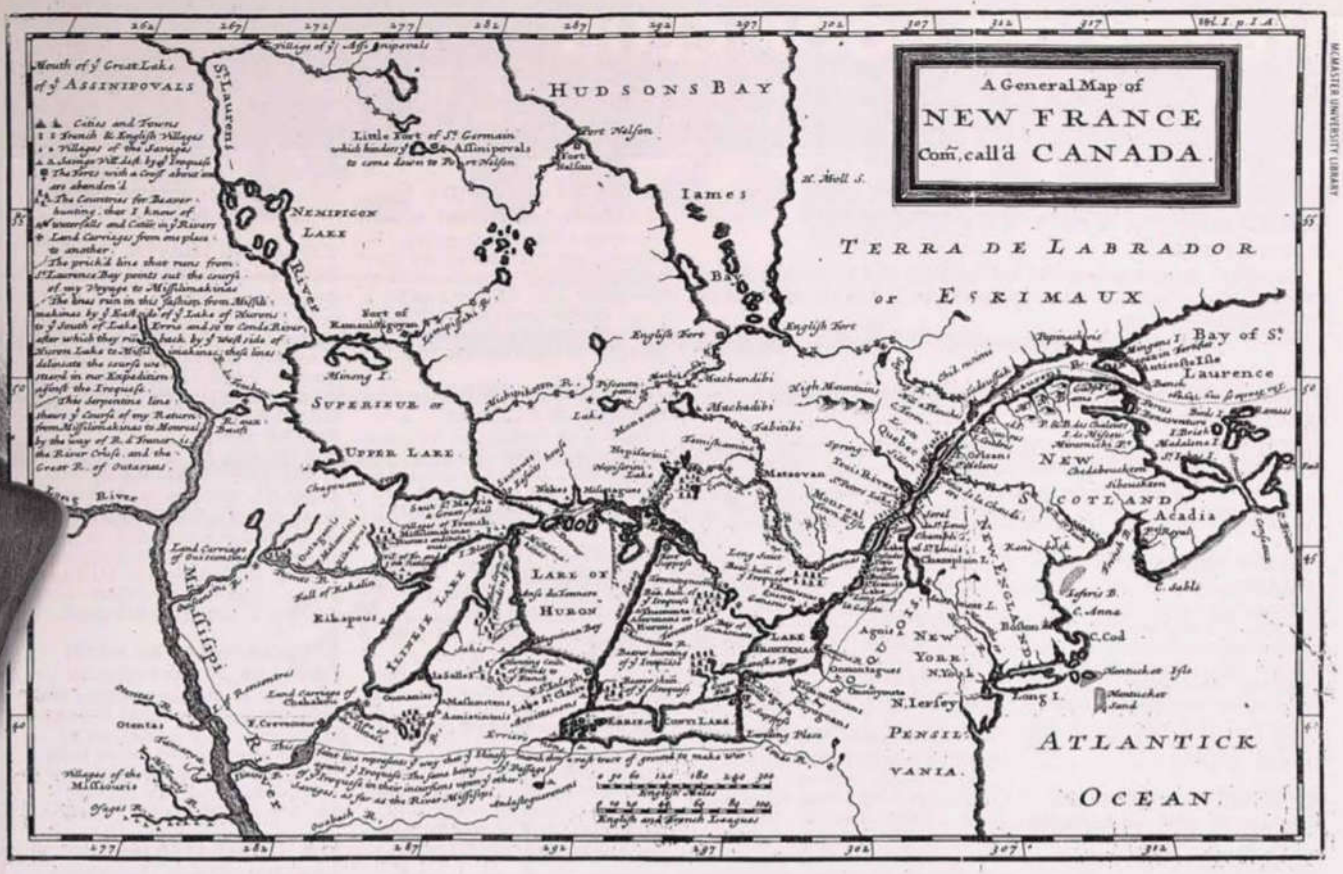
Explorer and cartographer Samuel de Champlain established and developed a wide-ranging trade network by making alliances with the natives peoples such as the Algonquins of the Ottawa Valley and the Hurons of the Great Lakes. In 1613, he opened the route to the West by travelling up the Ottawa River as far as Île des Allumettes, and in his *Voyages* became the first European to describe the Ottawa River. This representation of Champlain, for whom there is no known portrait, is by nineteenth-century Quebec artist Théophile Hamel.



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An English translation of Louis-Armand de Lom d'Arce, Baron Lahontan's 1703 map of Canada.

instantly several of the Algonquins rush up to me with loud cries, as if ready to tear me to pieces. In my heart I know that truth will prevail.

Later Thomas informs us that the Algonquins are secretly planning to send a canoe to the Nebicerini during the night. Champlain is furious.

9 June Champlain confronts Tessouat. The chief replies that Champlain has more confidence in me, a liar, than in the chief and his council. Champlain spins around and orders me to tell them exactly what I saw during my previous journey. Shaken by the Algonquins' outburst, I need to collect my thoughts. I explain that I made the journey with one of Tessouat's relatives – whom I do not want to name – to the tribes living along the Northern Sea. There I saw the broken fragments of an English ship and eight scalps taken by the Cree. I added that I also met the Cree's newly adopted English-speaking boy.[10]

Now the Algonquins exclaim louder and louder that I am a liar and that I should be put to death. When Champlain shows them the map I had drawn up of my previous journey, they begin to question me. The Algonquins are determined to keep their trading monopoly, and I feel incapable of convincing them to change their minds. Champlain beckons me and we go back to our quarters. Alone with Champlain, I swear once again that what I told him earlier is the truth. If the Algonquins will only give us the canoes and guides I will show him.

10 June In a subdued ritual we assemble a cross and decorate it with the insignia of France. We erect it at the most prominent point on the southern tip of Île des Algonquins.

Apart from the hardship of the journey and the loss of his astrolabe, Champlain is very disillusioned and convinced I may be killed. Realizing that I would be obstructing any future fur trade, he orders me to tell Tessouat that I have never seen the Northern Sea. Being in favour of truth, but not of martyrdom, I obey. However, admitting that I lied does not induce Tessouat to allow us to continue our journey. We will return to Ville Marie.

I hope that time will bring me recognition. Future maps of the *pays d'en haut* will show its geography – a geography for which I almost paid with my life[11]. ◘

Adrienne Leduc is a Vancouver writer with a current interest in Canada's seventeenth-century conflicts. Her last article, "A *Fille du Roi*'s Passage," appeared in the February/March 2001 edition of the *Beaver*.

[10] Probably John Hudson, Henry Hudson's young son.

[11] Whether Nicolas de Vignau returned to Ville Marie is unknown. After his travels with Champlain in the summer of 1613, he disappears from history.

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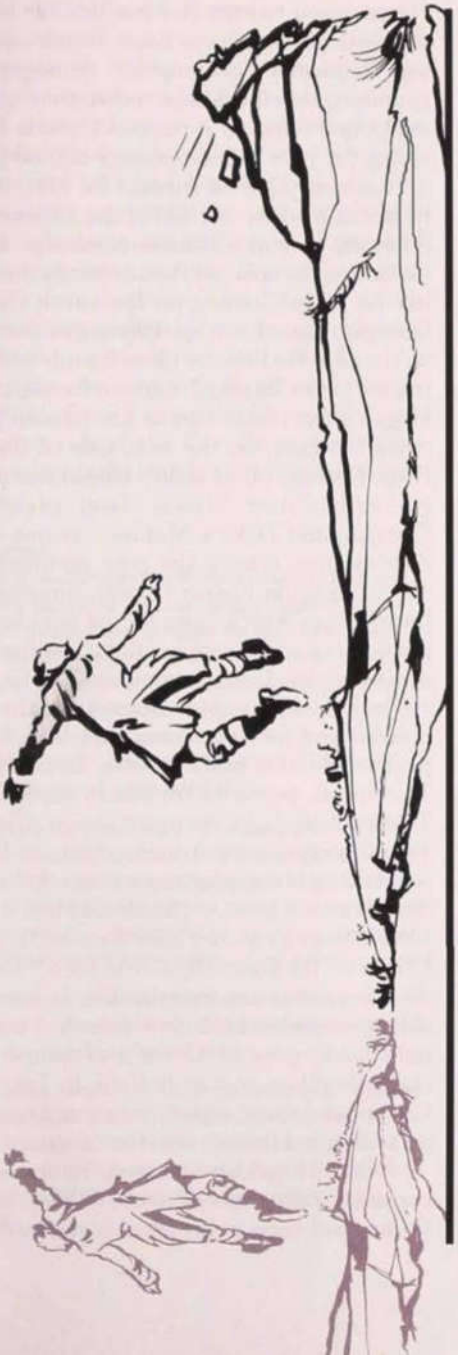
The MURDER of Mr. Hogan

by Susan Goldenberg

John Sheridan Hogan had the most promising of futures. Once a poor Irish immigrant, he had raised himself to lawyer, journalist, member of Parliament. He was handsome and personable, well connected and well liked. And then one day in 1859 he disappeared. Or so it seemed.



The Don River Bridge loomed eerily in the moonless night of Thursday, December 1, 1859. Gas lamps left patches of light on the narrow pedestrian passageways on either side of the thirty-metre-long wooden bridge's central carriageway. Except for the occasional howling of wolves prowling for sheep in the nearby fields of east Toronto, all was silent. Then suddenly, around 10:20 P.M., the stillness was pierced by sounds of a scuffle. A man shouted: "Mug him, throw him over the bridge, damn him!" Something splashed loudly into the water eight metres below. There was a burst of mocking laughter, then silence again.

Sixteen months later, on Saturday, March 30, 1861, four duck hunters rowing on the Don River made a shocking discovery – a body floating in shallow water, with its head caught between two branches of a tree that had fallen during the winter and become frozen in the sand. Because the corpse was badly decomposed, with no flesh on its face, quick identification seemed unlikely. But a fisherman nearby predicted correctly, "If that is Hogan's body, you have got a prize." He was referring to the $500 reward the government was offering for information about the whereabouts of John Sheridan Hogan, a member of Parliament and prize-winning writer who had mysteriously disappeared on December 1, 1859, while walking to a friend's house on the river's east side.

Hogan's murder is not historically famous like the 1868 assassination of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a Father of Confederation. But in its day it was a sensation, unveiling the seamy side of Toronto the Good in the puritanical Victorian era. Hogan's death at the age of forty-four cut short a remarkable career. Born near Dublin, Ireland, in 1815, he was sent by his parents when he was only twelve to an uncle in Toronto (then called York) because they shared the belief of thousands of impoverished Irish that Canada was a land of plenty. Hogan worked as a printer's apprentice at the *Canadian Freeman*, owned by a fellow Irish immigrant, but at sixteen he ran away to Hamilton, where A.K. Mackenzie, owner of the *Canadian Wesleyan*, a new Methodist publication, hired him as a typesetter. Years later this connection would boomerang on Hogan.

In 1835, when the *Wesleyan* closed, Hogan decided to become a lawyer and articled for Hamilton lawyer and politician Allan Napier MacNab as clerk-bookkeeper. When the Upper Canada Rebellion broke out in December 1837, Hogan, then twenty-two, joined government forces under MacNab, then speaker of the Legislative Assembly and a veteran who had defended York against invading Americans in the War of 1812.

On December 29, 1837, MacNab ordered an attack on the *Caroline*, an American paddleboat steamer that was supplying the rebels' provisional government on Navy Island in the Niagara River midway between

Canada and the United States. Government forces captured the boat, killing one American, and burned it. The raid created a sharp rift in relations with the United States, but did not oust the rebels. They left of their own volition a fortnight later due to harsh winter weather and internal dissension. Whether Hogan participated in the raid is unknown, but a few years later, there were repercussions.

After the Rebellion, he resumed his law studies in Hamilton, but, in March 1842, he was arrested in Lockport, near Niagara Falls, New York, on suspicion of being one of the attackers on the *Caroline*. He was quickly released – the information in the arrest warrant was unconvincing – but he was not out of danger. At Rochester, forty kilometres east, he was arrested on a similar charge. At the police court hearing, the chief witness against Hogan was A.K. Mackenzie, who had moved to Lockport after the *Wesleyan* folded. He testified that Hogan had conceived the raid. But the magistrate discharged Hogan, citing insufficient evidence.[1]

The next year Hogan started his own law practice. By 1847, he was married to Madeline Wharton Metcalfe, a Hamiltonian described in the Hamilton *Daily Spectator* as "highly respectable and accomplished." Two years later, he gained international attention with three articles for *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, an influential periodical of the era. In the June 1849 edition, he analyzed the 1837 Upper and Lower Canada Rebellions. Although he had fought for the government, he blamed the uprisings on the chasm between the governing and the governed. He wrote:

> The Governors who "did the monarch" in the province, did not generally display much taste for sitting down by the farmer's fireside, and eating apple-sauce and sauerkraut at his table where there neither was, nor could have been, recognized a distinction between the master and the man – between the lord of the castle and the cook in the kitchen.

In the October 1849 and March 1850 editions, he argued that, by preventing Canada from evolving from a natural resources supplier to a manufacturer, England had left her with a "lame arm." (In 1847 England switched from protectionist tariffs, which gave the colonies preferential treatment, to free trade.) He proposed that Canada obtain representation in the Imperial Parliament. "Britain ought ... to say emphatically to her North American colonies – 'We have not appreciated you ... or your interests. Now we will make you partners.'" Yet the same issue contained his poem *Canadian Loyalty*, a glowing tribute to Queen Victoria, concluding:

> And many a great deed yet be done,
> And many a glorious field be won,
> Ere of her empire set the sun.
> God save Britannia's noble Queen.

In 1852, Hogan and his wife separated. He moved to Toronto, and with Samuel Thompson, part-owner of the Toronto *Daily Patriot and Express*, started the *United Empire*, a twice-weekly paper published at the *Patriot*. Both papers were pro-Tory. The same year, Hogan began a clandestine affair with Sarah Lawrie, a plain, poorly educated, kind-hearted mother of three.

Thompson sold his interest in the *Patriot* the next year, bought the moderately pro-Tory *British Colonist*, founded in 1838, and remodelled it on *The Times* (of London). Proclaiming "independence of editorial comment and fairness in its treatment of opponents," the paper, under Thompson, expanded circulation to thirty thousand of Toronto's forty-one-thousand population. He appointed Hogan assistant editor and parliamentary correspondent. "Hogan became one of the ablest Canadian writers of his day," he wrote in his *Reminiscences of a Canadian Pioneer*, published in 1883.

In 1854, Hogan made his first run for Parliament – as a Reformer (moderate liberal) even though the *Colonist* was pro-Tory. He lost. The following year he defeated seventeen other candidates in a literary contest organized by the Canadian Executive Committee for the Paris Exhibition, an international trade show. He received twenty-five pounds for his 101-page article *Canada: An Essay*. Besides describing Canada's geography, demographics, economy, transportation, education, government, and religion, it praised Canada for enabling the poor "to cast poverty behind them."

Success piled on success for him. In 1856 he became editor-in-chief of the *Colonist*. The following year, as a Reform candidate, he was elected to the colonial Parliament as the member for Grey County, on the south shore of Georgian Bay about 190 kilometres northwest of Toronto. He became close friends with contractor James Beachell, warden for the county. Hogan often visited him at his Toronto house, Alma Cottage, on the east side of the Don River. Because of his ability, Hogan was regarded – with Oliver Mowat, later premier of Ontario, and D'Arcy McGee – as one of the coming men among the new members. He moved into the Rossin House, Toronto's first luxury hotel, which – rare for the era – featured gas lighting and steam heating. The hotel was also near Mrs. Lawrie's home and the *Colonist*.

In December 1859, Hogan had the most promising of futures. He was tall, lean, fit, and personable. He had, besides Beachell and Thompson, powerful friends in such men as Toronto City Jail Governor George Allen and York County Crown Attorney Richard Dempsey. Among his acquaintances were fellow parliamentarians John A. Macdonald and George Brown, founder of the *Globe*. Beachell regarded Hogan as "the least offensive of men." Thus his disappearance was inexplicable. It prompted wild speculation in the press: he had committed suicide; gone to Australia to escape financial difficulties; was in Buffalo; in Texas; in a Cincinnati lunatic asylum; murdered near Niagara Falls and thrown into the Niagara River.

When Hogan disappeared, Toronto's chief constable, thirty-three-year-old William Stratton Prince, had been in his job only ten months. A

[1] Lillian Gates in *After the Rebellion* theorizes that A.K. Mackenzie and former Rebellion leader William Lyon Mackenzie (no relation) may have plotted the arrest with Hogan so that A.K.'s testimony would rekindle American support for the rebels. Alternatively, A.K. might have been a government agent trying to undermine the rebels.

former army captain, Prince had reformed the city's police department, doubling its size to sixty officers and establishing a strict code of behaviour. Believing that the Don River corpse was Hogan, he had Sarah Lawrie, James Beachell, and George Allen brought immediately to the Dead House (morgue) for verification.

Lawrie recognized the flannel shirt and the collar that she'd sewed on the first night he'd stayed with her the week he disappeared. She also identified the pin she had placed in the loose waistband of his flannel drawers the last night they were together. All three identified the corpse's big toes overlapping smaller ones as characteristic of Hogan. Later, Hogan's tailor identified the coat and his boot maker recognized his enamelled sealskin boots with the bulge made by Hogan's bunion.

The coroner's autopsy revealed no signs of violence, but the fashionable dark vest with red flecks that Lawrie said Hogan had been wearing was missing, and the remaining clothes were dishevelled, indicating a fierce struggle. The coat pockets had been ripped off, and there was no money in the trouser pockets even though, according to Lawrie, Hogan had been carrying forty pounds. Prince suspected the killers were the Brook's Bush Gang, notorious for robbing pedestrians crossing the bridge at night when it was otherwise isolated.

The forty-member gang of men and women got its name from a large, thickly wooded area on the east side of the Don River where they hid in a dilapidated barn, and subsisted on pro-

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A veteran of the Crimean War, William Stratton Prince was the recently appointed chief constable of Toronto's police force when Hogan disappeared. By the late 1850s, in the wake of Toronto's growing population and crime, the city sought to expand and reform its police service. Under Prince's command, a body of sixty men – many of them, like Prince, Ulster Irish with military backgrounds – was turned into a disciplined force, the antecedent of today's professional service. Prince retired in the mid-1870s.

Presiding over the trial of accused Hogan murderers Jane Ward, John Sherrick, and James Brown was Sir John Beverley Robinson (1791– 1863), a leading figure in Upper Canada. A member of the Family Compact, he served in many capacities – as attorney general, member of the Assembly, speaker of the Legislative Council, and president of the Executive Council.

Hogan's alleged murderers were tried at the York County Court House, 57 Adelaide Street East. Built between 1851–52, it served as a courthouse until 1900.

A sketch of the Toronto jail, which stood between 1840 and 1860 on the south side of Front Street East, between Berkeley and Parliaments streets. Here, Torontonians gathered for the spectacle of the hanging of James Brown for the homicide of James Hogan, the first Canadian politician to be murdered.

ceeds of robberies and prostitution. It was headed by a woman – twenty-three-year-old Jane Ward, the daughter of working-class parents. Six feet tall, she was the same height as Hogan. According to the *Globe*:

> Her features are regular, and were it not that disease and dissipation have left marks on her face, she would be considered a "good-looking woman." She is very passionate and vindictive, and has long ruled the members of the gang, both men and women. All alike feared her when her blood was up. She is much addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor and has frequently figured in our Police reports as a drunken and disorderly character. She has several times been up for robbery and larceny, but has generally managed to escape punishment and been acquitted. Even in the gaol, the female prisoners were afraid of her.

The *Leader* described Ward's most remarkable feature as her "keen and scrutinizing eyes, with a peculiar glitter denoting a vicious and revengeful nature."

The papers gave the case blanket coverage, making room by abbreviating reports on the United States Civil War, which had just started.

Other gang members who featured in the Hogan case were John Sherrick, James Brown, and Ellen McGillick. Sherrick, who was thirty-four when Hogan was murdered, had once been Beachell's coachman and groundsman. Beachell fired him in 1857 because of his association with the gang. Handsome, he was Jane's and then Ellen's lover. Brown, twenty-nine, was, according to the *Globe*, "strongly built, but below the middle height, and has a repulsive countenance. His face is not improved by a cancer on his nose." Brown joined the gang after being unable to find further work in boatyards and construction following an accident in 1857. He remained even after other gang members stole and sold some of his clothes. While the *Globe* estimated McGillick was "thirty," the *Leader* surmised she was about twenty-three. It wrote: "She is a finely-developed, well-built girl with a carriage of some grace." Smallpox scars marred her otherwise pretty face. The gang was wary of her because she frequently informed on them to the police. She had a reputation as a truthful blab. When cross-examined, she would say, "Your Worship, have I not always told the truth, bad as I am?"

Hogan and the gang were casually acquainted. On visits to the jail for newspaper stories, he gave a few coins to jailed members out of charity. He often passed other gang members on the bridge as he walked to Beachell's and they headed for Toronto's saloons and brothels. When Lawrie cautioned Hogan the night of December 1, 1859, to "watch out for the Brook's Bush Gang," he had shrugged off her concern. "They've never molested me, although once or twice some of them have stopped me and I've had some difficulty getting past them. But they know me well. I'm sure they won't hurt me."

The gang's involvement spotlighted Toronto's unsavoury side. Taverns far outnumbered churches. The *Plan Of The City Of Toronto* listed thirty-five churches and the *1861–62 City Directory* listed 221 taverns. There were also many unlicenced shanty saloons in Brook's Bush. The red-light district was one block north of the courthouse. Most arrests were for drunkenness; keeping brothels ranked second. Newspapers called prostitutes "soiled doves." Other frequent crimes were theft, passing bad money, and keeping dangerous dogs. Murders were rare. Prior to Hogan's, there had been only eleven since Toronto was established in 1793.

On April 1, two days after Hogan's body was discovered, Detective James Colgan reminded McGillick of the favour he had done her by not sending her to prison after she'd almost killed him with a knife. She had been hinting for months that she had "something to tell about Hogan's disappearance." Now was her opportunity. She told him Ward had struck Hogan with a "tag" – a stone wrapped in a handkerchief – then with Sherrick, Brown, and Hugh McEntameny (another gang member since deceased) had thrown Hogan off the bridge while she (McGillick) watched. McGillick showed him where a piece of the handrail had been sliced off because Hogan's blood had splashed there. Colgan cut off an adjacent piece for analysis. Traces of blood were found, but their human or animal origins were uncertain.[2] He found Hogan's vest in the possession of the owner of a tavern frequented by the gang. An elderly doctor, Thomas Gamble, came forward, saying he had heard a scuffle but thought that, because he was some distance away, "mug him, throw him over" applied to a dog.

Ward and Brown were captured quickly. The search for Sherrick ended April 12 when he was found in the Kingston Provincial Penitentiary for another robbery. The trial was set for April 29, one month less a day after Hogan's body was discovered.

Several high society ladies, who had persuaded the guards to let them in the courtroom early, took the best seats. When Ward, Sherrick, and Brown entered, the spectators leaped to their feet for a better view. Some stood on chairs, others climbed into the jury box or onto the judge's bench. The lead prosecutor, Henry Eccles, had once employed the head defence lawyer, James Doyle, in his law firm. It was Doyle's first murder case. The judge was long-time chief justice Sir John Beverley Robinson, a leading member of the Family Compact who had served in Upper Canada's Legislative Assembly, on the Executive Council, and as solicitor general. He granted Doyle's request that Brown be tried separately because not all his witnesses were present.

Sherrick's alibi was that he had been chopping wood north of Toronto when Hogan was killed. But the man who claimed to have witnessed this had made a diary entry that was in the middle of a page dated November and in different ink. "I might have put in fresh ink when I made the middle entry," the man said. "And took it out when you made the bottom entry," was Eccles's devastating riposte.

The trial lasted only two days and hinged

[2] It was not until 1901 that a scientific method was devised to differentiate human from animal blood.

on McGillick's credibility. While the jury deliberated, Sherrick calmly read a newspaper. The papers gave the case blanket coverage, making room by abbreviating reports on the United States Civil War, which had just started. "Both not guilty," the foreman said at 10:00 P.M. Sherrick was returned to Kingston Penitentiary to continue his other sentence. Robinson admonished Ward: "I would say to you that the sooner you abandon the disreputable life you have been leading, the better."

Brown's trial, watched by fewer spectators, was held on October 8. Doyle represented him, too. York County Crown attorney Richard Dempsey, Hogan's friend, acted for the prosecution. Sherrick and Ward were called as defence witnesses. "I did not see Brown in early December 1859 because I was not here," Sherrick said. "I never saw Brown, Sherrick, McGillick and McEntameny all on the bridge at one time," Ward said. Save for Sherrick's witnesses, the testimony was identical to the Ward-Sherrick trial. Yet different juries sometimes vary in their reaction to the same evidence. The jury found Brown guilty. "I am innocent. I never even heard of the murder until I was arrested," Brown insisted. He was scheduled for execution on December 4, but Doyle convinced the appeals court to grant a retrial on January 10, 1862. Again Brown was found guilty and protested his innocence. Execution by hanging was set for March 10.

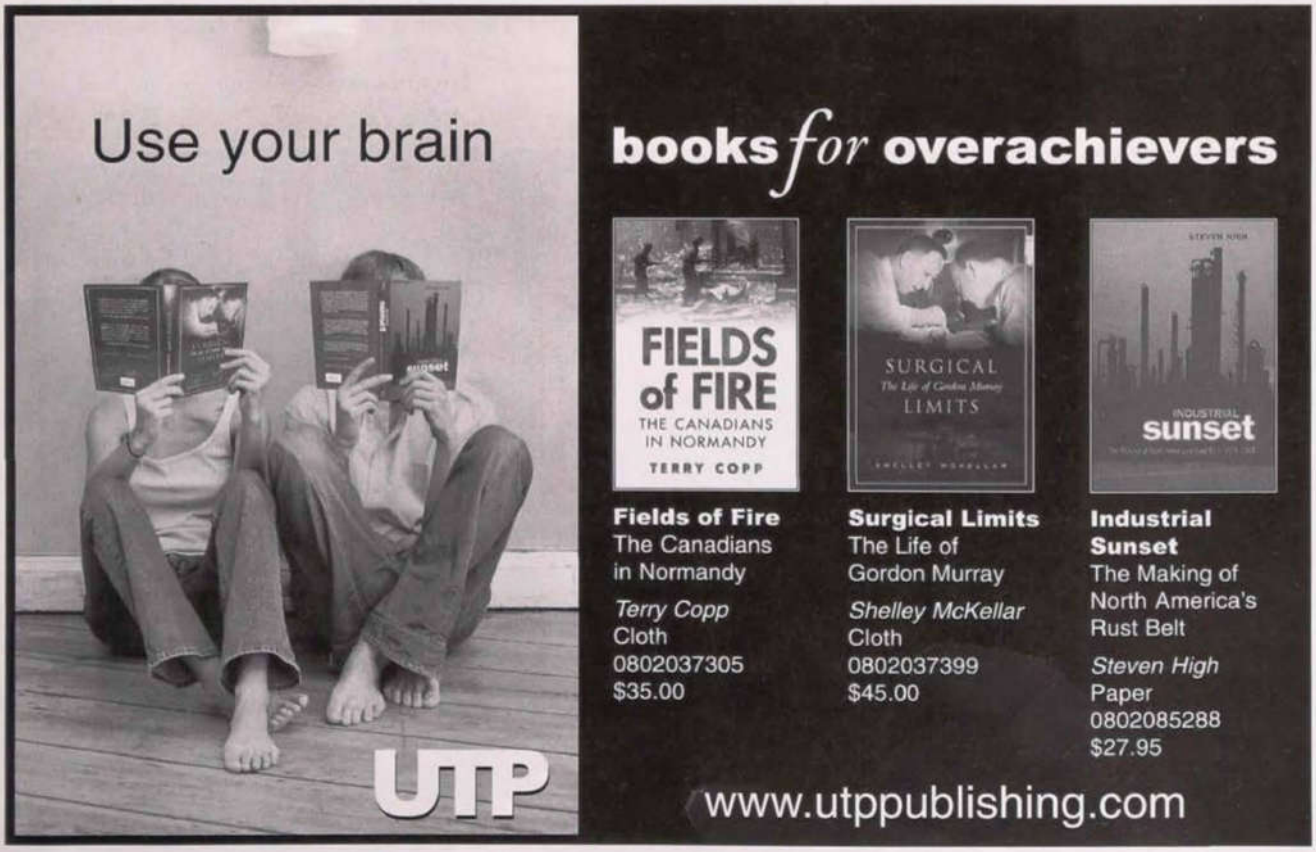
Two weeks before the scheduled execution, Doyle submitted a petition pleading for commutation to life imprisonment to the governor general, Viscount Monck. It was signed by many sympathetic Torontonians who felt Brown, like Ward and Sherrick, should be given the benefit of the doubt. The petition was ignored. With executions regarded as entertainment by many, a large crowd of five thousand gathered within the city jail walls and on the grass outside to watch. Cab, wagon, and cart owners charged a shilling per person for shoulder-to-shoulder standing room on their vehicles. On the scaffold Brown murmured, "I say with my last breath, I am innocent."

Hogan was interred in a plot purchased by Beachell in Toronto's St. James Cemetery. Beachell and other friends subscribed for a monument in Hogan's memory, but it is no longer there. It was worn away by harsh weather, as gravestones of that era often were. Brown was buried in an unmarked grave in the nearby Necropolis. The bridge from which Hogan was thrown was swept away in 1878 by a rainstorm.

Susan Goldenberg is a Toronto writer. Her last article, "The Kidnapping of John Labatt," appeared in the February/March 2002 issue of the *Beaver*.

et cetera

The full text of "Civil Revolution in the Canadas," John Sheridan Hogan's articles in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, may be viewed at <www.bodley.ox.ac.uk/ilej/>.



If only Sir Sandford Fleming had succeeded in his 1894 ambition to annex a Hawaiian island.

Aloha, Canada

by David Raymont

It was a cloudy day in Ottawa June 28, 1894, when photographer G.R. Lancefield focused his lens on an unprecedented gathering in the Senate Chamber. Representatives of the British colonies of New Zealand, five Australian states, and South Africa were meeting with ministers of the Canadian government and officials from Britain.

This was the first time imperial and colonial representatives had met outside of Britain. They had gathered to discuss proposals made by the Canadian government to increase trade among the British colonies. In addition, they had gathered to discuss a proposal for a telegraph cable spanning the Pacific Ocean from the man seated second from the left at the conference table, Sir Sandford Fleming.

Fleming was no stranger to international gatherings. He was a leading advocate at the international conferences on Standard Time in the 1880s and had attended the first colonial conference in London in 1887.

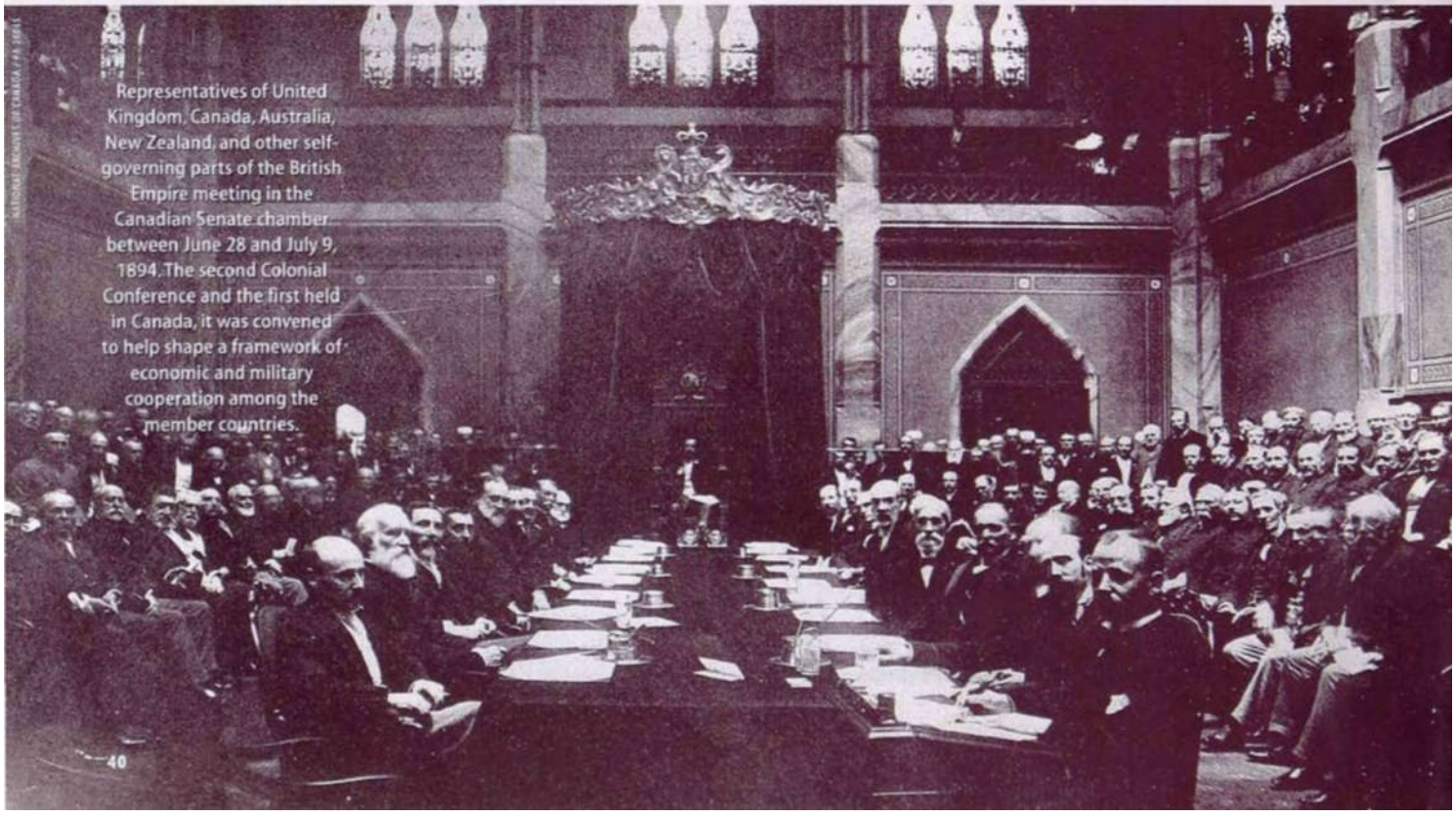
In the 1870s, he surveyed routes for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in his final report had recommended the creation of a telegraph cable from British Columbia across the Pacific Ocean to Fiji and Australia, and from Australia to India and South Africa. To enhance security, such a cable would only touch on British soil. "A map of the world setting forth the great telegraph lines in operation, shows that Canada is situated midway between the masses of population in Europe and Asia, and establishes the peculiar important geographic position in which the Canadian Pacific telegraph will occupy," he wrote.

This was not the first time Canadian ambition looked to the Pacific. As early as 1814, the North West Company shipped furs to China from the West Coast. Between 1834 and 1867, the Hudson's Bay Company maintained a post at Honolulu.

In 1886, the Canadian minister of finance sent a commercial agent to appraise the potential of trade between Hawaii and Canada. Seven years later, Fleming and the Canadian minister of trade and commerce passed through Hawaii on a trade mission to Australia. It was this mission that led to the 1894 colonial conference.

Fleming's interest in Hawaii was not trade. He wanted Hawaiian real estate to support his cable project.

His proposed telegraph cable had been



Representatives of United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other self-governing parts of the British Empire meeting in the Canadian Senate chamber between June 28 and July 9, 1894. The second Colonial Conference and the first held in Canada, it was convened to help shape a framework of economic and military cooperation among the member countries.

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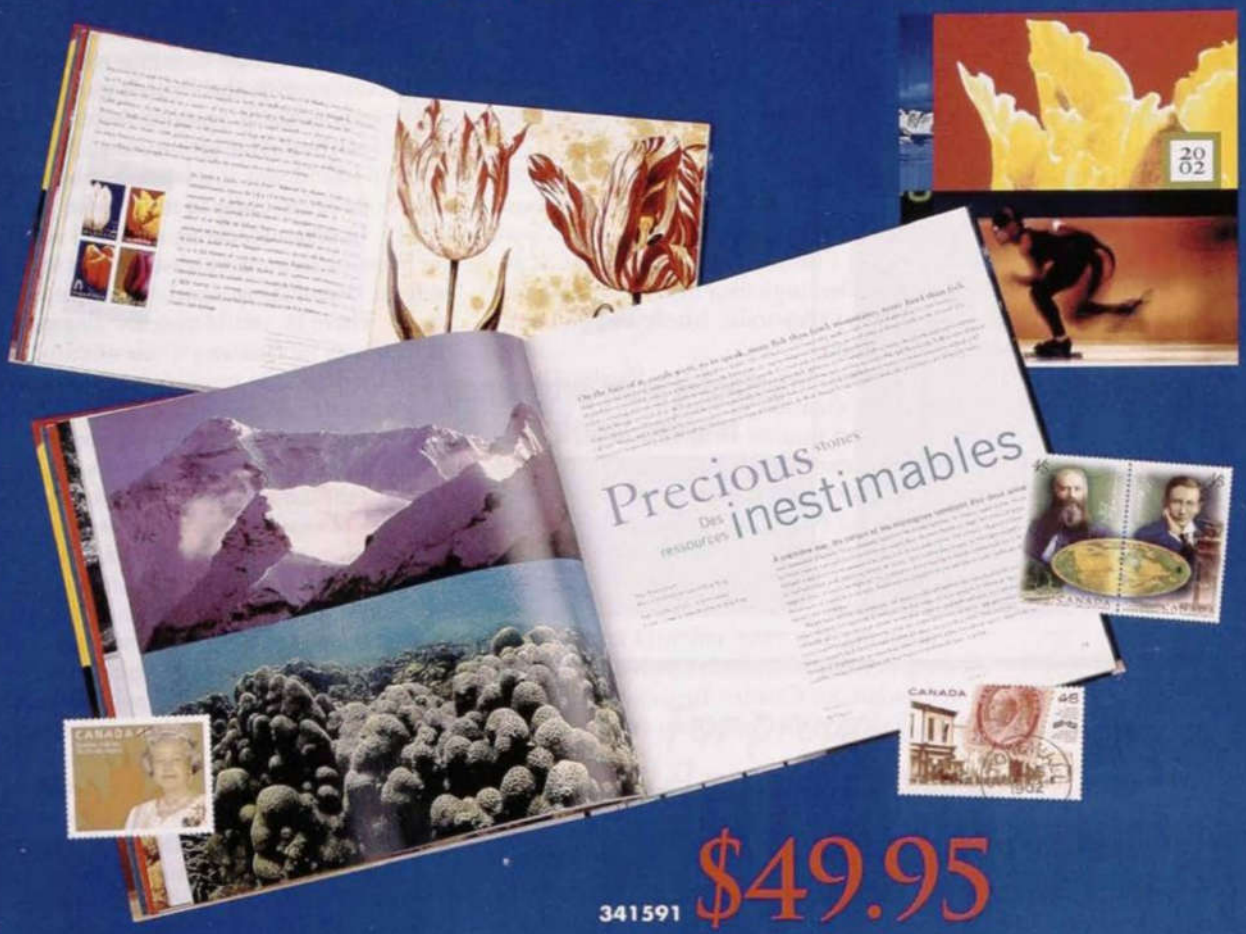

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In the 1890s, as today, no action goes without consequence. Sending a Canadian halfway around the world to claim a deserted island risked raising diplomatic tempers.

rebuffed by Canadian Pacific, which was establishing its railway and maritime businesses. So he turned to government to support his project. At the invitation of Prime Minister John A. Macdonald, Fleming attended the 1887 colonial conference in London to promote his idea. The Australian colonies showed interest. Britain said it would survey potential routes.

But a telegraph cable to Australia already existed. Since 1872, the privately owned Eastern Telegraph Company linked London with Australia via France, Suez, and India. It responded to Fleming's idea by cutting the price of its services to Australia. Interest in Fleming's proposal waned.

In addition, the size of the Pacific Ocean required the creation of intermediate stations to ensure the quality of a telegraph signal. Fleming recommended three routes via different islands across the ocean, with the proposal of a station at Necker Island – seventeen hectares of uninhabited and unclaimed volcanic rock near the Hawaiian Islands – being the least expensive.

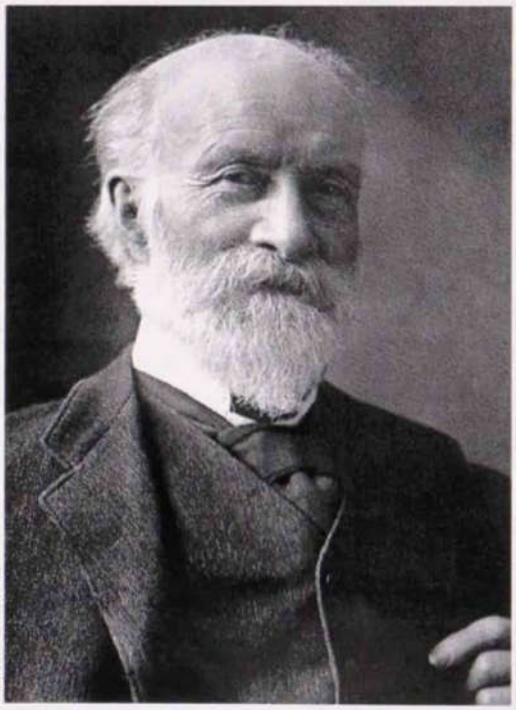
Following the 1887 colonial conference, Fleming persuaded Canada's high commissioner in London, Sir Charles Tupper, to work with him to convince the Australian colonies that a Canadian cable link was essential to their security. This he did, and in January 1894, Tupper and the colonial agents general met with the colonial secretary and received a sympathetic hearing for the new cable. Tupper reported that the British would negotiate with the then-independent Hawaiian government about using Necker Island as a cable station.

But the British delayed. The political situation in Hawaii was volatile. With the success of the cable project now seeming within reach, a conversation with the British general officer commanding North America inspired Fleming to bold action. The officer remarked that if Necker Island was unclaimed, why not send somebody to lay claim to it? Fleming recruited R.E.H. Gardner-Buckner, a retired naval officer living in Toronto, to travel as quickly as possible to Honolulu to charter a ship to Necker Island. There he would raise the flag and claim the territory for Britain.

In the 1890s, as today, no action goes without consequence. Sending a Canadian halfway around the world to claim a deserted island risked raising diplomatic tempers. In January 1893, a rebellion by American-born planters deposed Hawaii's native monarchy, and the new government asked to become part of the United States. President Cleveland told Congress he would veto annexation, but negotiated a new trade agreement that increased American control of Hawaiian affairs.

The British government's strategy was to treat Necker Island as though it belonged to Hawaii, and it asked the provisional government for permission to build a cable station there. When Fleming wrote Tupper in May 1894 and told him that he had dispatched Gardner-Buckner to Hawaii, both the British foreign office and colonial office were appalled. They believed that a freebooter seizing land close to the Hawaiian chain would provoke the U.S. to annex the islands.

By late May, Gardner-Buckner was in Honolulu. The week of his arrival, the Hawaiian government, aware of the pending conference in Ottawa and having received the British query about Necker Island, claimed the island. After meeting with the British government's representative in Honolulu, Fleming's well-travelled agent decided to come home empty-handed.



CANADIAN PACIFIC ARCHIVES

Sir Sandford Fleming (1827–1915), civil engineer, railroad surveyor, inventor, and scientist was an ardent advocate of railway building to unite the provinces of British North America, and was the Canadian Pacific Railway's chief engineer from 1871 to 1880. In later years, he devoted similar energies to establishing a telegraph cable link between Canada and Australia, which became a reality in 1902, and to establishing an international system of standard time.

Now at the end of June, Fleming sat at his second colonial conference to pitch the idea of a transpacific telegraph cable, but without an annexed island in his pocket. There were two days of discussion and the conference passed a bland resolution expressing the hope that Britain may find some way to acquire a Hawaiian island to facilitate the cable's construction. A representative of the Honolulu board of trade was present during the discussion, but was in no position to make a commitment on behalf of the Hawaiian government.

In October, Fleming and a colonial-office official were in Honolulu to talk to the provisional government, but the end was already clear. The new trade agreement with the United States forbade the Hawaiians to give away any property without U.S. agreement. Although the Hawaiians saw potential income from hosting a British telegraph cable, they did not believe the U.S. Congress would allow them to negotiate a treaty. Hawaii was annexed to the U.S. in 1898, established as a territory in 1900, and admitted as a state in 1959.

Although he had lost his Hawaiian island, Fleming's transpacific cable became a reality in 1902. The cable project, and the colonial conference, defined a new era for Canada.

Increasingly, Canada and other colonies looked to the Empire more as a tool to solve local problems than a power to be obeyed. The same day Lancefield flashed his photo in the Senate Chamber, an editorial in the *Ottawa Daily Citizen* remarked that "the colonial empire is becoming conscious of itself and being animated by a new spirit of corporate existence." Canada was leading the way.

David Raymont is a corporate communications specialist and director of Heritage Toronto.

et cetera

Chief Engineer: Life of a Nation Builder – Sandford Fleming by Lorne Green. Dundurn Press, Toronto, 1993.

Time Lord: The Remarkable Canadian Who Missed His Train and Changed the World by Clark Blaise. Knopf, Toronto, 2001.

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Reviews

Featured Books

- **The Eatonians: The Story Behind the Family**
  by Patricia Phenix
  McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 2002
  300 pp., illus., $37.99 hardcover

- **Historical Atlas of Canada: Canada's History Illustrated with Original Maps**
  by Derek Hayes
  Douglas and McIntyre, Vancouver, 2002
  272 pp., illus., $75.00 hardcover

- **The Canoe: A Living Tradition**
  edited by John Jennings
  Firefly Books, Toronto, 2002
  288 pp., illus., $59.95 hardcover

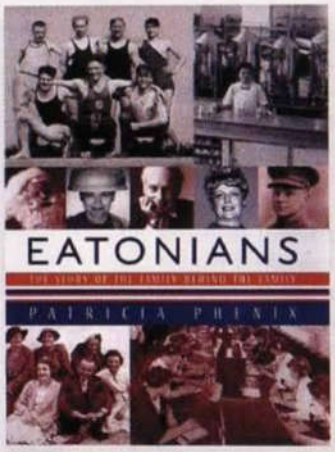
Below Stairs

The Eatonians takes a refreshing approach to corporate history. Giving short shrift to Eaton's hierarchy, Patricia Phenix draws on a century's worth of reminiscences by its employees to chronicle the rise and fall of what was once the most ubiquitous of Canadian companies.

In the process Phenix dispels the notion that Canada's dominant retail chain was about as exciting as the macaroni and cheese in its cafeterias. She finds flashes of adventure in the travels of its globetrotting buyers, of sex (at least among a mass of copulating bunnies at an Easter promotion), of drama in its struggles with labour unions, and of humour in the pratfall-prone Toronto Santa Claus Parade.

The parade "cleverly transformed customers into active participants in the store's own advertising." Nationally televised in its later years, it became one of three outstanding marketing tools Eaton's had going for it. The others were its catalogue and Trans-Canada Sale.

The management capitalized on such strengths to amass a stock of customer loyalty that was only matched by the loyalty of its employees. It won the latters' devotion by sponsoring social clubs, holiday camps, and a caring in-house welfare program. These made working for Eaton's like belonging to a family—albeit a stern family that punished its members for offences like wasting string or being a little late for work.



The dedication of the self-styled "Eatonians" was not always reciprocated. When workers in his garment plants went on strike, founder Timothy Eaton fired them all. His son and successor, John Craig, locked out company tailors and replaced them with imported labour. *His* son and successor, John David, fended off union certification in the stores by reducing working hours and raising wages, only to subsequently increase the work week and suspend raises for nine years.

The fact that most of the restive garment workers were Jewish is said to account for Eaton's notorious anti-Semitism. For many years, Jewish applicants for jobs in its big city stores were told to look elsewhere. They were not alone: at various times Eaton's also discriminated against Slavs, Englishmen, college graduates, and—in terms of wages and advancement—the female sex.

Still, most of those who made the cut saw themselves as Eaton people down to the soles of their staff-discounted shoes. Though underpaid and mistrusted—they were subject to sting operations by company spies—they persisted in working their butts off for "the family." As Phenix notes, it was only after the first non-Eaton chief executives appeared that the company went into its fatal slide.

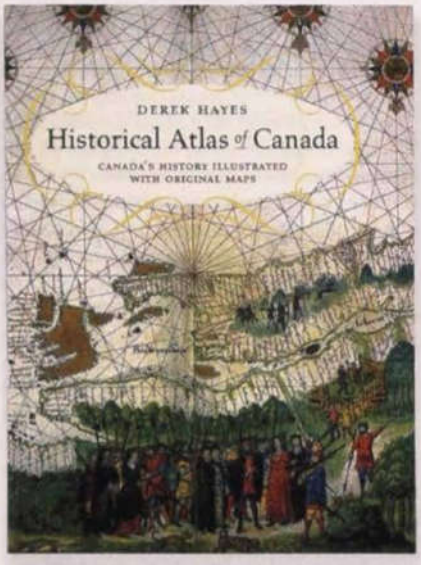
In 1976 an "outside" president eliminated the beloved catalogue. The restoration of Fred and George Eaton did nothing to restore the customer base. Fred withdrew sponsorship from the Santa Claus Parade, and George cancelled the Trans-Canada Sale, an event with a near-religious following. From that point on they adopted one losing strategy after another. In 1997 the company filed for bankruptcy protection, and a restructuring scheme that entailed borrowing $208 million from the staff pension fund threw good money after bad.

In April 2000 the remnants of the vast merchandising empire went on a liquidators' auction block, an occasion Phenix describes superbly. If she shows a fault, it is a tendency to let the family off too easily. Her work could have benefited from a more rigorous examination of the Depression-era Stevens Price Spreads Report, which documented the ferocious squeeze the Eatons put on their suppliers and manufacturing staff.

The Eatonians also suffers from

Toronto-centricity. Little is said, for instance, about the role of its Montreal store in provoking anti-English feelings in Quebec. Nevertheless, it is a book worth reading and having. It offers a revealing look inside the kind of paternalistic institution we are unlikely to see in Canada again.

Reviewed by **Robert Stewart**, a Montreal writer and former business journalist.



All Over the Map

Talented author Derek Hayes has written and designed his fourth splendid historical, geographical, cartographical masterpiece. His first three examined the Pacific Northwest, the North Pacific Ocean region, and Alexander Mackenzie's explorations. Now, in ***Historical Atlas of Canada***, he concentrates on our nation's emergence over a thousand years of time and unimagined space depicted on 422 original historic maps. Integrated with eighty-seven short, aptly titled text sections, each map is accompanied by a succinct description that concentrates on its character and purpose, date, source, cartographer, and other useful details. This approach guarantees ease of coordination and understanding.

There are six broad themes in this unfolding story, best characterized by the adjectives *searching, tracking, settling, connecting, urbanizing,* and *delimiting*—all of which are examined and integrated in a fascinating manner. Hayes's major interests, which constitute 60 percent of his account, are the exploration and accurate positioning of sea coasts and interior lands, the role of fur traders in the search for routes, resources, and customers, and the evolution of Canada's international borders and major internal political divisions. Other themes, such as settlement, rail and water transportation, and urban growth are present, but these, on the whole, are already better known to the average reader.

The number of maps and Hayes's excellent choices are the most exceptional features of this publication. Each map has been personally selected to portray a significant aspect of his analysis. Where possible and appropriate, he has extended his archival search beyond Canada, Britain, and France to nations that either had vested interests in the territory that became Canada or had mapmakers who tried to represent the continental barrier lying across the Western Ocean from Europe.

Until readers have completed this exciting tour of Canada's historical geography, they may not be so aware that geographical searching has been such a dominant and long-lasting motif of our nation. Exploring over great distances, welding together river and lake complexes, and scouring the intricacies of continental coastlines have been the daily tasks of many people. Their names are legion and part of our national fabric. David Thompson, for instance, was a peerless example of a fur trader, explorer, surveyor, and mapmaker, trekking over 115,000 kilometres in the West by canoe, on foot, on horseback, and by snowshoe after 1784. Captain James Cook calculated the longitudes of the British Columbia coast for the first time in 1778 and determined the overall width of the continent. George Vancouver, searching for the western entrance to the Northwest Passage in 1792–93, charted the labyrinthine B.C. coast and its offshore islands. The maps prepared by these professionals were unrivalled in exactness, detail, and utility, and portray magnificent achievements for their times. The reader has a golden opportunity here to pore over some of these maps.

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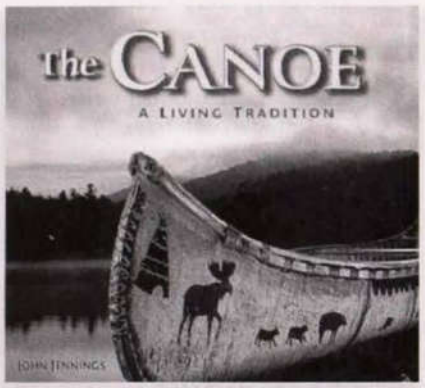
An unusual and interesting conclusion to the study is a section of eleven maps portraying the post-Confederation evolution of Canada's provinces, from the 1867 pattern of four eastern provinces, the Northwest Territory, and several colonies, to the 1925 claim to the North Pole, to the 1993 creation of Nunavut.

We wonder what will be next from this most accomplished author.

Reviewed by **Richard Ruggles**, founder of the department of geography at Queen's University and author of *A Country So Interesting: The Hudson's Bay Company and Two Centuries of Mapping, 1670-1870.*



Adventures in Paddling

For the past few months while this review was in preparation, I left ***The Canoe: A Living Tradition*** lying on a coffee table at my wife's lakeside bed and breakfast so that guests could thumb through it and jot down their impressions. Some of the visitors were water enthusiasts who turned to it after a day boating or kayaking on the lake; others were not. Whatever their interests, they were attracted to the book, and their comments were uniformly positive. This was, they told me, a "beautifully illustrated," "exquisite," and "handsome" volume, with "marvelous maps, photographs, and lithographs." It was a "visual delight."

The Canoe is packed with easily digested information. Simply by browsing the more than four hundred illustrations and captions – including a number of photographs from the Canadian Canoe Museum's collection – one acquires a quick history of one of Canada's most important forms of transportation and pleasurable recreations. Leafing through the volume provides an entrée into the wide range of craft (bark canoes, dugouts, kayaks, umiaks, and more modern wood-canvas and fibreglass vessels) that served so many different environments. Authors explain how they were built, and the various uses to which they were put, from hunting, fishing, and whaling to commercial activities and trading alliances among and between First Nations peoples and Euro-Canadians.

A collaborative project involving Firefly Books and the Canadian Canoe Museum, the book contains fourteen chapters written by twelve different experts in the field, some of whom are academics or writers, others boatbuilders and/or naturalists. In addition to the various native crafts that were so significant in opening up Canada to exploration and extending Canada's fur-trade frontier, there are sections on recreational canoeing and factory production. There is also a testimony to the work of those who have played an important role in preserving the history of the canoe, especially New Brunswicker Tappan Ardney, whose life was dedicated to gathering information about canoes before museums became interested in preserving them, and preservationist Kirk Wipper, whose collection of canoes now forms the core of the Canadian Canoe Museum. Ardney's *The Bark Canoes and Skin Boats of North America* provided a foundation for all future work in the field, including this magnificent volume.

There is much more to this book than its stunning array of visual materials, however. The essays contained here will appeal to readers of various sorts and of differing inclinations. John Jennings's opening two chapters provide a lucid exposition of Canada's "white birch" wilderness that allowed for a "canoe developed to such perfection that, after European contact, it continued, unaltered except in size, to be the central element in the development of what is now Canada." In a coherent and broad-reaching overview, Jennings identifies three distinct North American frontier histories: the frontier of the horse, characterized by an absence of water and "mutual incomprehension" and confrontation between Europeans and native peoples; the settler frontier of the axe and plow; and the canoe frontier. Of these the canoe frontier was unique, because it "did not covet the land, only its bounty." The French and later the Scots came to look upon native peoples as "partners in a very lucrative trade," rather than as nomadic opponents of settled agriculture. Eventually the canoe frontier was eclipsed by the development of railways in the nineteenth century and later by the coming of the airplane to the north in the 1930s.

The other essays in the book are less conceptual and more specific in character. Many of them deal descriptively with the characteristics of various types of vessels, how they were employed and the techniques of their construction. Three essays bring the story into the contemporary period, describing modern mass-produced canoes, their manufacturers, and their association with an emerging recreational and sporting culture in Canada and the U.S. Elsewhere, C. Fred Johnston provides a fine essay on organized canoe racing, from its origins in the athleticism associated with Muscular Christianity, its popularization by Scottish canoeist John MacGregor, the development of canoe clubs, national associations, and international competitions, and new "adventure seeking, recreational activities."

This beautifully illustrated volume, notable for its insightful essays, its variety, and its historical significance, would sit comfortably on any coffee table or scholar's shelf. It will surely be on mine!

Reviewed by **Colin Howell**, professor of history and executive director of the Gorsebrook Research Institute at Saint Mary's University, Halifax.

More Books

- ***Colossal Canadian Failures: A Short History of Things that Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time.*** **By Randy Richmond and Tom Villemaire.**

  Canada was a great lump of a place barring the way to the riches of China, and it's been downhill ever since, according to authors Richmond and Villemaire, who have trawled the country's historical records to produce a fiesta of fabulous flops – from the Ontario canal that died for want of water to the New Brunswick

car that drained the provincial treasury to the prime minister who couldn't count seats in the House of Commons. It's all in fun, of course, but just as well that 90 per cent of the eccentrics, failures, and misguided characters in this compendium are as dead as … well, as dead as the Avrocar – the flying saucer that soared as high as one metre in a 1959 test.

Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2002. 318 pp., $22.99 paper.

■ *Memoirs of a Less Travelled Road: A Historian's Life.* By Marcel Trudel.

First published in French in 1987, this English translation of historian Marcel Trudel's memoirs by Jane Brierley brings the story of one of the masters of modern Quebec historiography to a wider audience. Trudel, a specialist on New France and the early years of the British Regime, and now in his mid-eighties, dissented from the biases and mythmaking of nationalist history and throughout his academic career strove for impartial distillation, based on primary and documented sources. Being adopted as a child into a home that revered the printed word kindled his passion for learning and set his course in life. In this memoir, he portrays the insular world of his boyhood, college days in the 1930s, and academic life before and after Quebec's Quiet Revolution.

Véhicule Press, Montreal, 2002. 254 pp., $19.95 paper.

■ *Arctic Justice: On Trial for Murder, Pond Inlet, 1923.* By Shelagh D. Grant.

In 1920 in the High Arctic, an Inuk named Naqallaq killed a dangerously crazed white fur trader named Robert Janes. The act was premeditated, but Naqallaq had been selected for the task by his community, which viewed Janes as a threat. Though he followed customary Inuit law that individuals who endanger the community must be killed, Canadian authorities took the unprecedented decision to try Nuqallaq for murder under prevailing notions of British justice – motivated, Grant argues, by Canada's desire to establish sovereignty over the Arctic. Nuqallaq was sentenced to ten years hard labour and later died from tuberculosis. Told from both Inuit and white perspectives, Grant presents a compelling account of cultural conflict and misperception.

McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 2002. 346 pp., $39.95 hardcover.

■ *Tracking Doctor Lonecloud: Showman to Legend Keeper.* By Ruth Holmes Whitehead

Born in 1852 to Micmac parents and orphaned at age fourteen, Germain Laksi took on the role of Doctor Jerry Lonecloud in American medicine shows of the 1880s, including Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, using the herbal knowledge he had gleaned as a child. An inveterate traveller, he sold tonics in South America and prospected for gold, before settling down in Halifax where he contributed specimens and artifacts to the Provincial Museum of Nova Scotia and, later in life, gave interviews to local journalist Clara Dennis. Ruth Holmes Whitehead has reconstructed Lonecloud's remarkable life from Dennis's journals, and included in her book Lonecloud's own memoir (the earliest known Micmac autobiography) and a selection of his Micmac oral histories.

Goose Lane Editions, Fredericton, New Brunswick, 2002. 184 pp., $19.95 paper.

■ *Far Eastern Tour: The Canadian Infantry in Korea, 1950–1953.* By Brent Byron Watson.

Fifty years after the end of the "forgotten war," Watson gives readers a thoroughly researched, eminently readable social history of Canada's involvement in Korea. Written from the soldiers' perspective, *Far Eastern Tour* deals with recruitment fiasco, inadequate training, grim conditions in Korea, and indifference when the combatants came home. Watson argues that because the Canadian Army did not learn from its missteps in Korea, subsequent generations of soldiers have continued to endure unnecessary hardships in Canada's peacekeeping missions.

McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 2002. 238 pp., $34.95 hardcover.

■ *True North Strange and Free.* By Philomena Hurley-Rutherford.

Did you know? might precede just about any of the myriad (well, 1,001, claims the book's subtitle) inclusions in this omnium-gatherum of Canadian factoids with a bent toward the unusual and eccentric. Did you know, for instance, that Yonge Street is the longest street in the world (maybe)? Or that the P.E.I Potato Museum has the largest exhibit of potato artifacts in the world? There are at least 999 more such superlatives and other claims to glory and infamy assembled in this lavishly illustrated volume. The author, who emigrated from Ireland in the 1960s, has made it her avocation to collect Canadian tales of the offbeat, and the offbeat is surely present. But *True North* also has enough conventional content to satisfy most history lovers. Think of it as Trivial Pursuit with context.

Reader's Digest Books, Montreal, 2002. 320 pp., $49.95 hardcover.

For further information, contact

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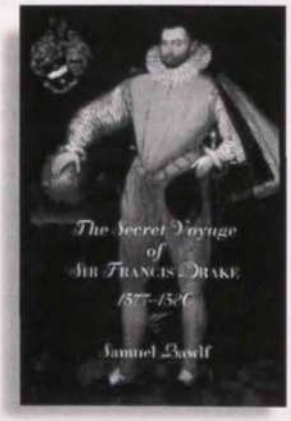

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Artifact

The Cape Forchu lighthouse at the end of Yarmouth Harbour was built in 1839 and first lit January 1840. Paid for partly by the merchants of Saint John, New Brunswick, this was one of the most important lighthouses on the coast of Nova Scotia. The 1908 **Fresnel lens** from this light, one of the largest artifacts at the Yarmouth County Museum, was built by Bernard Rènard & Turene of Paris, France. This lens, named after its inventor, French physicist and engineer Augustin Jean Fresnel, intensified the light source of the Yarmouth Lighthouse from 1908 until 1962. The placement of the

curved and polished lens served to concentrate the light from what was originally a kerosene vapour lamp into eight strong beams appearing as flashes to the mariner as the lens revolved.

When in service the lens was floated in a vat of mercury and rotated by a mechanical apparatus driven, like a grandfather clock, by a series of weights that ran the height of the lighthouse and had to be wound up every three hours during the night. The timing of the rotation and the size of each face of the lens determined the length of the flashes.

Very few of these lenses are still in service.

For more information, contact:
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PAUL BUTLER

Encounter

Paul Butler speculates on the symbiosis between novelist **Lucy Maud Montgomery** and the enduring fictional character she created – Anne Shirley.

The home is rather austere – dark wood furnishings, high ceilings. This is the manse at Leaskdale north of Uxbridge, Ontario. The year is 1911. Just settling in are newly married Presbyterian minister Ewen Macdonald and his bride – a thin, bird-like woman with angular movements and alert grey eyes.

Mrs. Macdonald – still Lucy Maud Montgomery to her readers – is something of a celebrity. Three years earlier, she published her first novel, *Anne of Green Gables*. In a matter of months, the novel saw six reprints and sold 19,000 copies.

The couple look decidedly mature for newlyweds. And in the bookish manner of thirty-seven-year-old Maud, as she is known, there is little sign of Anne Shirley, the colourful, plucky central character of Maud's story.

Maud, in fact, seems a little dour. She certainly knows the weight of gratitude and duty. Her grandmother, Lucy, had taken Maud in when her daughter had died of tuberculosis. When Ewen proposed marriage 1906, Maud accepted, imposing the condition that she could not marry while her grandmother still lived. Ewen patiently waited for five years until Maud was free of her obligation.

Maud had never fallen desperately in love with Ewen, nor he with her. But she needed a good man, an educated man, who understood her intellectual pursuits. And she wanted children. In 1912 at the age of thirty-eight, she would give birth to the first of three.

I can see Maud set about her writing as Ewen goes about his parish chores. I wonder if she misses the smell of the sea? In Cavendish, P.E.I., her family had been the centre of community life. Her grandfather owned the post office. So Maud's home was the focal point for the town's 200 or so residents, half of whom were related to her by blood. Interestingly, all but one of her twenty novels were set in Prince Edward Island, although she lived more than thirty years in Ontario.

Yet Maud's childhood was far from idyllic. She had been brought up in the awkward social position of poor relation. She had suffered from slights and gossip. And her grandparents were rather strict.

I can imagine asking Maud what drew her to the character of Anne Shirley. Did she weave qualities in her heroine that she would like to possess herself?

This is the point I keep coming back to. To me, it seems as though Maud reworks details from her own life into her Anne Shirley novels, removing the most hurtful, damaging strands and adding a shield of indomitability over the heart of her central character. Like Maud, Anne Shirley is an orphan. Like Maud, she is brought up by an old couple. But unlike Maud, Anne Shirley feels loved and protected no matter how the world treats her.

In reality, Maud was extremely sensitive and prone to depression. Adding to her burden, her husband also suffered from a severe mental illness. Typically for the age in which she lived, Maud kept Ewen's condition a deadly secret.

While Maud's life became mired in troubles, Anne Shirley prospered, reaching larger audiences with each reprint and translation. There was a film version of *Anne of Green Gables* in

1919, although Maud received no payment.

So great was the propaganda power of Maud's novels that, in World War II, Polish soldiers were equipped with them to take up to the line. And after the ultimate horror of nuclear devastation, Japan added *Anne of Green Gables* to its high school curriculum.

Anne Shirley's optimism and deep-rooted sense of self-worth had unlimited power—no matter what the circumstances or the culture.

I would like to ask Maud if Anne Shirley nourished her, too, in direst circumstances. But, sadly, it is known that when Maud died in 1942, she was deeply depressed about the war and had lost all appetite even for her personal journal writing.

For Maud, it seems, Anne Shirley must have slipped away before the end of her life. But perhaps this is the fate of truly successful fictional characters, to take on lives of their own and leave their creators behind.

And perhaps intense, thoughtful Maud would have understood this.

Paul Butler is the author of novels *The Surrogate Spirit*, published in 2000, and *Stoker's Shadow*, scheduled for publication this fall. He also works in film and television developing historical documentaries.

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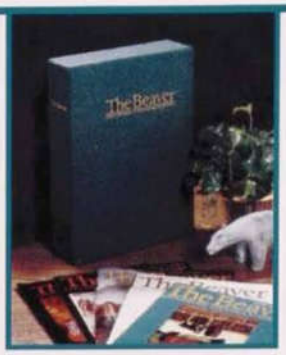

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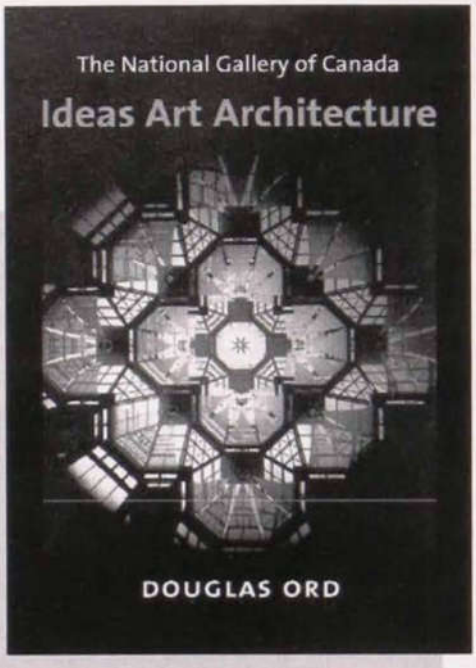

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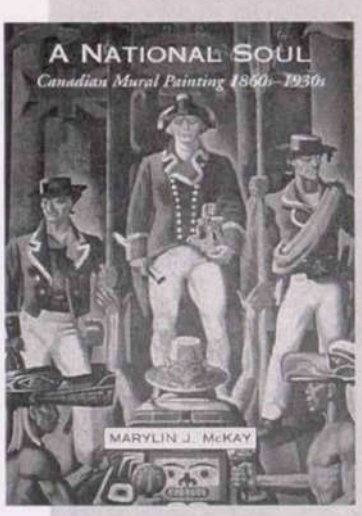

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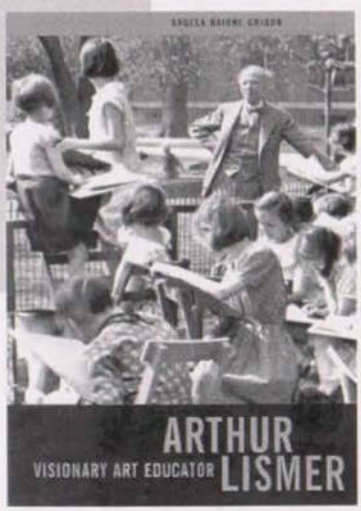

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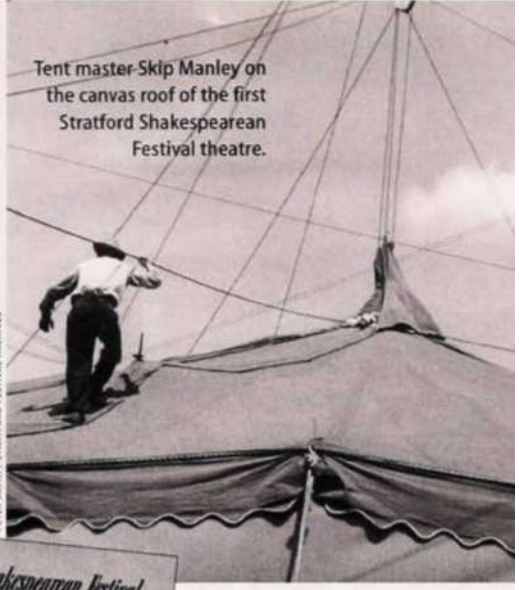

Tent master Skip Manley on the canvas roof of the first Stratford Shakespearean Festival theatre.

PETER SMITH / STRATFORD FESTIVAL ARCHIVES

June 26, 1953:
The Stratford Shakespearean Festival builds a home

Skip Manley arrived in Stratford, Ontario, before she had even left Chicago. Manley was ready though. He had thirty men and a tonne of hardware – iron rings, chains, miles of rope – ready to raise her from the ground. Manley was an American tent master, and she was the enormous canvas tent that would be the first Stratford Shakespearean Festival theatre.

The fledgling festival committee agreed that for the first few years the stage and audience would be under the big top. They counted on the success of the first season to prove that there was an audience for Shakespeare. Until then, construction of an actual theatre was out of the question. A tent was specially ordered from a factory in Chicago.

On June 26, 1953, in the park beside the Avon River, Manley, wearing his signature Panama hat, began orchestrating his crew and two tractors in erecting the second-largest tent in the world. They raised four twenty-five-metre poles of Douglas pine and hoisted a vast orange canvas roof. It took sixty sleepless hours to set up; half the town turned out to watch.

Two years earlier, the Massey Commission, which reflected on the imperilled state of the arts in post-war Canada, had been tabled in the House of Commons. In the wake of the extensive debate the commission generated, Stratford journalist Tom Patterson conceived of an annual Shakespeare festival. He was convinced that Stratford was capable of the same calibre of theatre that he had seen in Europe. With the support of the community, Patterson approached Laurence Olivier to be the director. He was turned down. Undaunted, he contacted the famous Shakespearean director Tyrone Guthrie in London, England.

Guthrie visited Stratford in the fall of 1952 and was so impressed by the festival committee's commitment and enthusiasm that he agreed to be director. *Richard III* and *All's Well that Ends Well* were chosen to be performed on alternate nights. To draw an audience and ensure the project's success, the committee sought an actor of international fame. That actor was Alec Guinness.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL ARCHIVES

Although both director and star were British, the festival was hailed as an iconic achievement of Canadian cultural nationhood. Guthrie later wrote that the committee, "agreed that the project must be demonstrably a Canadian one, carried out not merely by Canadian initiative, and with Canadian finance, but by Canadian actors." That first year, of the eighty company members only six were British, the rest were Canadian.

Rehearsals began the first week of June in a shed at the town's fairgrounds. Originally, they were scheduled to take place "in situ" – on the jutting stage designed to replicate a Shakespearean audience's own experience – but the tent delivery was delayed because of pending payment from the financially struggling festival. Not only were the shed's acoustics horrendous, especially when rain on the tin roof drowned out the actors, but the building was home to dozens of sparrows, which actor and writer Timothy Findley noted "relieved themselves with wild abandon as they flew above us."

Despite imperfect working conditions, financial concerns, and doom-sayer predictions that the show would not go on, the festival sold $75,000 in advance ticket sales by opening night.

On July 13, 1953 *Richard III* opened the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. Eighty-five theatre critics from across Canada and the United States were among the fifteen hundred audience members on opening night. Detroit *Times* drama editor Harvey Taylor's review is typical of the praise the play received:

> Not even the bloody, depraved hero of 'King Richard III' dampened the festive mood of the audience under the huge canvas tent. Alec Guinness, Irene Worth and their spirited company of Canadian and English actors were given a long ovation and the audience trooped out as if they'd seen a spritely little farce.

In the fifty years since that auspicious opening, the Stratford Festival has become a world-renowned theatre event, showcasing some of the greatest Canadian and international actors, directors, and designers. Each summer eighteen plays, ranging from *Hamlet* to musicals such as *My Fair Lady*, are performed on four stages and draw annual audiences of over 600,000.

The "big top" was used for four years and dismantled for the last time in 1956. A permanent theatre opened in 1957. The tent was then cut into little rectangular pieces, glued to tickets, and given to Stratford Festival supporters as mementos.

—Season Osborne

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Three Cheers for Joe Martin

Joe Martin deserves far more than three cheers. Or a gold watch.

A director of the History Society since 1994 and its leader – let us count the ways! – in a variety of executive capacities since 1997, Joe's significant contributions to the cause go far beyond mere dollars and cents. Let's focus on two, but start with the cash anyway.

When Joe joined the board, the History Society's revenues totaled $615,000. As of December 31, 2002, we closed the year at $2.3 million. A fair chunk of that total is thanks to a Martin initiative. In 1999, he introduced us to fundraising, among corporations, foundations, and *Beaver* subscribers. And he generously put his money where his mouth was. Among his faithful annual contributions to the History Society was its first gift of stock.

Dollars aside, Joe also helped raise the History Society's national profile. He travelled tirelessly, meeting with subscribers, donors, and community leaders from St. John's to Victoria – and more than a dozen cities in between. He hosted dinners, luncheons, and receptions, ate lots of chicken in the process, and stayed in places ranging from a Spartan army barracks to a tweedy private club. All for the cause of history, for which he has a consuming passion.

He leaves the History Society in better shape than it was when he arrived. Thanks, Joe. And well-earned kudos, too, to Sally, his wife of forty-three years, who was very much his History Society partner. It would not be a stretch to say he couldn't have done it without her. In his distinctive, forceful voice, and without hesitation, Joe would agree and bark "Right."

Despite appearances, Joe Martin retires from the CNHS board with no axe to grind.

Food and Food for Thought

History, with a béarnaise sauce, is on the menu at a series of fundraising dinners the History Society is arranging in select cities this year. Intended to give our contributors a special historic night on the town, the events will offer good food and food for thought from Canada's contemporary historians.

The first event, hosted by one of Manitoba's most popular premiers, the Honourable Duff Roblin, was held May 1 at Fort Gibraltar, the replica of the North West Company's fur-trading post on the banks of the Red River in St. Boniface. Nearly one hundred guests enjoyed a multimedia presentation on *Quest for the Bay*, last year's popular History Television series. It recreated the experience of travelling in a forty-foot York boat from Winnipeg to York Factory with over four thousand pounds of cargo. Series producer Jamie Brown, of Winnipeg-based Frantic Films, and participant RoseAnna Schick recounted the trials and tribulations of making the series and surviving the sixty-one-day experience.

In Montreal, an equally engaging dinner was held May 29, again in a historic venue, Pointe-à-Callière, the Montreal Museum of Archaeology and History, located on the very site of the city's origin. Dick Pound, a well-known member of the International Olympic Committee and author of a history of the Montreal law firm Stikeman Elliot, hosted the evening, which featured Mark Starowicz as guest speaker. Executive producer of the CBC blockbuster *Canada, A People's History*, Starowicz also wrote *Making History*, a candid, inside view about the making of the series. (It's available through the Beaver Book Club on page 34.)

A third dinner is being considered for Calgary this coming fall.

Your Turn, Toronto

Our Toronto-area readers might want to mark September 12 on their calendars. It will be their turn for history. Scheduled for the Arcadian Court, in the Bay's flagship store on Queen Street, the evening will continue the History Society's celebration of our stories. The evening will include the presentation of the 2003 Pierre Berton Award by Mr. Berton himself and a special tribute to Canada's history teachers – Ontario recipients of the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History, a History Society program. Guests will also be able to view the Thomson Collection, which remains with the Bay until its new home in the Art Gallery of Ontario is constructed. Watch your mail for further details of this event.

ALL PHOTOS: KEY MACDUFF

Winnipeg student Jessica Sommers discusses her history project on Ukrainian culture with the Honourable Duff Roblin at the Winnipeg event.

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- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
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- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

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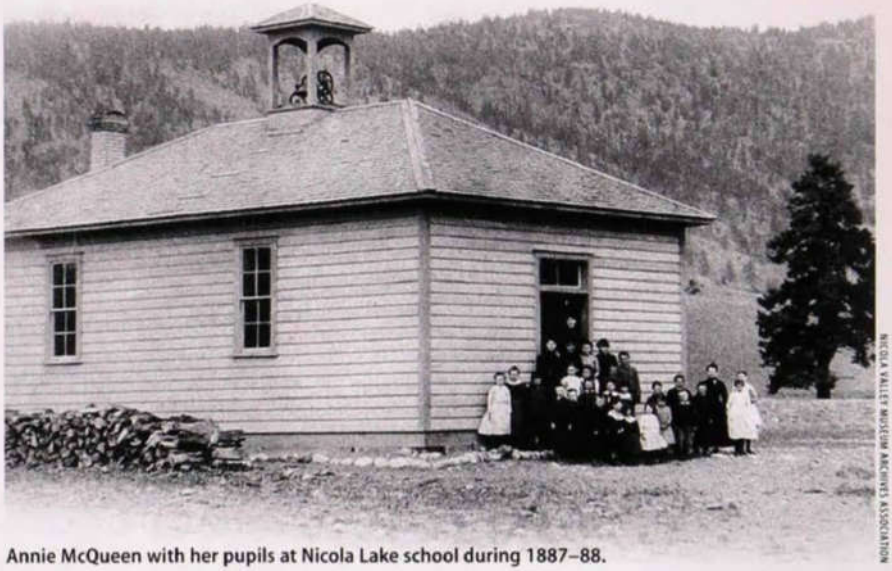
CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

Domesticating the West



NICOLA VALLEY MUSEUM ARCHIVES ASSOCIATION

Annie McQueen with her pupils at Nicola Lake school during 1887–88.

Who were the great builders who defined and shaped British Columbia around the time it joined Canada? James Douglas, pioneer governor? William Van Horne, railway builder? Amor de Cosmos, flamboyant premier?

How about Jessie McQueen, schoolteacher? British Columbia historian Jean Barman's new book *Sojourning Sisters* argues she was just as important.

Jessie McQueen and her sister Annie grew up poor, proud, and Presbyterian on a Pictou County farm in Nova Scotia in the 1870s. To support their family, they became schoolteachers. Then they went west, to teaching jobs in British Columbia. Annie, not yet twenty-two, went in 1887, Jessie in 1888. Barely two years after the national railway opened for business, they were teaching school in B.C.'s Nicola Valley, near Kamloops.

They went "sojourning" to support the family back home, Barman stresses, just doing their duty as unmarried younger daughters. "We expect our young people to travel – but maybe not young women like these in the 1880s," she told me recently. "But there was a lot of that, more than we expect." The economics were irresistible. B.C. paid teachers sixty dollars a month when Nova Scotia paid sixty dollars for the year.

British Columbia had the money, perhaps, but in women like Annie and Jessie McQueen, Nova Scotia had what Barman calls "domesticity," and that was a precious commodity. British Columbia, barely seized from the control of the First Nations, was "ready" to become settled, orderly, domesticated. Who better to provide that than schoolteachers imbued with the stern values and proprieties of Scots Presbyterian Nova Scotian women?

Barman argues that women like the McQueen sisters were as vital to the building of British Columbia as anything the more famous nation builders did. "The actions of thousands of Jessies and Annies, much more than those of a handful of politicians or other 'heroes,' brought Canada together into the nation we know today," she writes.

The McQueen sisters, moving about from the Nicola Valley to Kamloops, to the Kootenays, and intermittently back to Nova Scotia, helped instill a whole set of norms – about education, deference, politeness, and duty. These took hold, not because leaders and preachers said they must, but because women like these took for granted that the behaviours they brought with them must prevail wherever they went.

"Writing this book convinced me that it is worthwhile, writing about ordinary lives," says Barman. "Social historians start with data and wonder what matters in the data. And here, in these letters [mostly filled, she stresses, with mundane detail, and not conventionally "interesting!"], it seemed that everyday life, the confidence in certain patterns of behaviour that these sisters had, really was creating new norms of living for British Columbia in the 1890s."

Barman's careful reading and reflection does much to elucidate how frontier society was made and remade

in early British Columbia. She's particularly acute about the challenges of what she calls "hybridity." Half the kids the McQueen sisters taught had white fathers and native mothers. As teachers, the sisters reached out to them. But when Annie married, she feared her own children would be tainted by too much association with the children of native women and white men who had betrayed their racial duty. There is no B.C. and not much Canadian history, Barman shows again, without white-native relations close to its heart.

The other charm and value of *Sojourning Sisters* lies in its close observation of human nature in history. The dutifulness of daughters! Annie cut free when she married, and a doted-on brother simply drifted off to please himself. But Jessie McQueen, even in British Columbia, was endlessly at the call of family. Every line of the letters Barman quotes is full of Presbyterian duty and daughterly obligation.

There are vivid sketches about marriage's effect on women. Annie, always the more assertive sister, let Jessie shoulder much of the burden of duty. Then Annie married, and suddenly she had to do as her husband wished her to. Only after he died young could Annie Gordon blossom into a prominent Victoria social activist and relief worker of the First World War era. For her part, Jessie inadvertently illustrates why married women could not be working women. There was a minister she liked, but his study adjoined her schoolroom. She realized that simply listening to her schoolteacher's voice – commanding, authoritative, constant – would kill any romantic interest he might have in her.

In 1896, after much moving about in British Columbia and back to Nova Scotia, Jessie McQueen got a teaching job in the Kootenay boomtown of Rossland. Settled there, she acquired friends, status, and a house. She voted in civic elections. She went tobogganing. She even bought a bicycle, "a wheel." But she was sinning by being happy. Retribution came in 1900. Abandoning house, friends, and career, Jessie went back to Nova Scotia to serve her aged mother – for the next twenty-two years!

I have some Scots Presbyterians in my own family tree, and traces of the McQueen ethos rang true for me. Jean Barman's roots are Minnesota Swedish Lutheran, but she too found in the McQueen letters "just how hard it is for most people, simply to get on with their lives."

Sojourning Sisters is a sad book in a way, the life of a woman who never allowed herself any fun and never had anyone tell her she was entitled to any. Her greatest pleasure in life was her correspondence with her mother, with her sisters, with her nieces and nephews (she was a very good aunt), and with her pupils. Jean Barman has used those letters to give Jessie McQueen a little posthumous respect. "And you know," she says, "the letters of her sisters who stayed home in Nova Scotia are just as interesting. Their ordinary lives are amazing too!" 🖼

Sojourning Sisters: The Lives and Letters of Jessie and Annie McQueen by Jean Barman was published by University of Toronto Press in March 2003.

Building the West: The Early Architects of British Columbia

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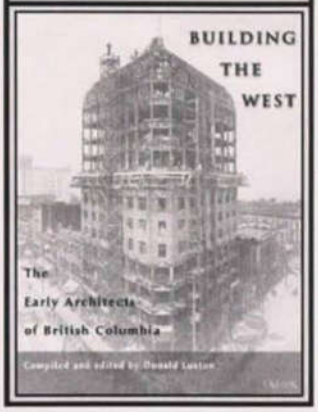

Compiled and Edited by Donald Luxton

Building the West tells the stories, discovers the hopes and aspirations, and celebrates the successes and accomplishments of the early architects in British Columbia, as it illustrates their lives and careers. It is intended for a general readership, and is of wide interest as a definitive biographical and reference source. *Building the West* constitutes a legacy of over a century of built landscape in British Columbia.

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Album

James Ranson, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is Sam Hunter's nephew. He lives in Toronto, and notes that among the younger people in the photograph, though not identifiable, are his mother Eliza (then seventeen) and his aunt Sarah (eleven).

Another Bride, Another June Sam Hunter was the eldest of nine, born to a railway family with Irish roots in Newcastle, seventy-one kilometres northeast of Toronto. He didn't make the railway his career, as so many of his brothers would, however. By 1905, at age twenty-seven, he was established on the West Coast in the building trade. But that June he travelled back East, to a farmstead near Eldorado in Hastings County, to marry his sweetheart, Emma Chambers. She's the one in the veil (of course). Sam is to her left (with boutonniere). To his left is younger (and taller) brother Hugh, who acted as witness.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hunter did not tarry long in Hastings County. They returned to Seattle where together they raised three children, two sons and a daughter, and he pursued his career as a building contractor, constructing some of the city's notable downtown buildings as well as a handsome home for his wife in the Magnolia Bluffs neighbourhood. He died in 1934.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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EASTERN	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:00 AM	THE CANADIANS					CANADIAN HISTORY (Wed. 9 pm)	THE BEST OF CANADA
7:30 AM							
8:00 AM	HISTORY BITES						
8:30 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						
9:00 AM	CANADIAN ANTHOLOGIES					PAID PROGRAMMING	PAID PROGRAMMING
9:30 AM	GREAT TRAIN STORIES		THE FIFTIES		LIVING HISTORY		
10:00 AM	HISTORY LANDS					HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
10:30 AM	ODYSSEYS						
11:00 AM	TURNING POINTS						
11:30 AM							
12:00 PM	CHINA BEACH						
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	CANADIAN HISTORY (7 am rep)	WAR STORIES (Thurs. 9 pm)
1:30 PM							
2:00 PM						WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
2:30 PM							
3:00 PM							
3:30 PM							
4:00 PM	HISTORY LANDS						
4:30 PM	ODYSSEYS						
5:00 PM	12 O'CLOCK HIGH					THE CANADIANS	WAR SERIES
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	HISTORY BITES					STREETS OF THE WORLD	WAR SERIES
6:30 PM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY					GHOST TOWNS	
7:00 PM	CHINA BEACH					BEST OF CANADA	ROYAL HOUR
7:30 PM							
8:00 PM	CANADIAN ANTHOLOGIES					THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC HOUR	DOC SERIES (NON-WAR)
8:30 PM	GREAT TRAIN STORIES		THE FIFTIES		LIVING HISTORY		
9:00 PM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM (MINI-SERIES)	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
9:30 PM							
10:00 PM							
10:30 PM							
11:00 PM	12 O'CLOCK HIGH						
11:30 PM							
12:00 AM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM (MINI-SERIES)	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
12:30 AM							
1:00 AM							
1:30 AM							
2:00 AM	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)	HISTORY ON FILM (REPEAT)		
2:30 AM							
3:00 AM						THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC HOUR	DOC SERIES-NONWAR
3:30 AM							
4:00 AM						WESTERN MATINEE (REPEAT)	ROYAL HOUR
4:30 AM							
5:00 AM	PAID PROGRAMMING						WAR SERIES
5:30 AM							
6:00 AM	12 O'CLOCK HIGH						CABLE IN THE CLASSROOM
6:30 AM							

Program changes may occur.